

THE FIRMON STORIES
FOR
BOYS & GIRLS

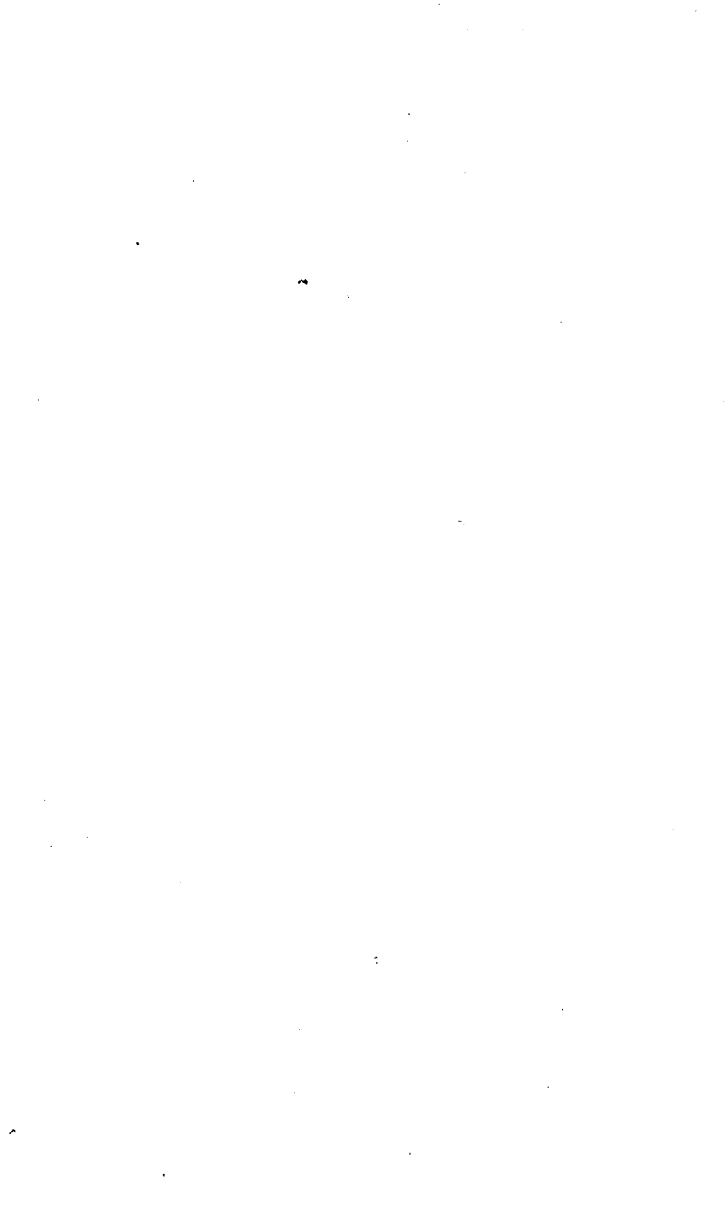


LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

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THE BOY
SERMON STORIES
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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY

Rev. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "HERO TALES FROM SACRED STORY," "CHRIST AND HIS
FRIENDS," "THE FISHERMAN AND HIS FRIENDS," ETC., ETC.

WITH INITIAL ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

FREELAND A. CARTER

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To
THE BOYS AND GIRLS
OF THE HANSON PLACE M. E. CHURCH, BROOKLYN,
THIS VOLUME IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.



AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE Sermon Stories which make up this volume have been gathered out of current life, and told in my own way to the children of the congregations where I have ministered from time to time.

The idea has been to catch the eyes and ears of the boys and girls by the story, and then to make the story convey its message of helpful truth. These stories have met with so much approval from the young folks that have heard them, and I have had so many inquiries from young ministers and Sunday-school teachers as to how to talk to children so as to capture and hold their attention, that I have been persuaded to send these Sermon Stories on a wider mission.

I hope they may not only please boys and

girls in many a home where I shall never be able personally to enter, but I pray that they may be also blessed of God in encouraging ministers and Bible teachers to continued attempts to enter the virile minds of their younger auditors through the door of the imagination.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 28, 1897.

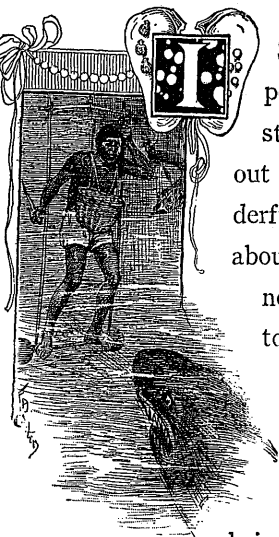
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Sermon Stories for Boys and Girls

DIVING FOR PEARLS.



SUPPOSE that a great many people, looking at a beautiful string of pearls, admire them without thinking of the strange and wonderful transformation that has come about in their history on their journey from the bottom of the sea to be the adornment of some lovely woman in a luxurious mansion. The best pearls are found in a very large species of oyster shell, the shells being as large as an ordinary sized dinner-plate. They are found in the waters of nearly all tropical seas, but most of the

pearls that are in the market come from the gulfs of Mexico and California and the waters around the islands of the Pacific, and along the northern coast of Ceylon and Australia.

Men used to dive for these pearl shells just as boys go in swimming, and of course could stay down only a little while; but diving-suits have been invented by the aid of which the diver is able to stay under water a long time. These diving-suits are made of waterproof material, the coat, vest, trousers, and stockings all being in one. The only inlets or outlets are the wide collar and the wristlets. The diver puts on a double set of heavy flannels to absorb the perspiration, for it is very warm business. Then he puts his feet in at the collar place, and by the aid of his helper works his way into the dress. The rubber wristlets are made very small and he has to soap his hands to make them go through, as a boy does his instep sometimes to put on a tight boot. Then the boots are buckled on. They would not do very well for bicycle shoes, as they are leaden-soled and

weigh thirty-two pounds. Then there is a corselet or shoulder-piece screwed tightly to the collar of the dress. Back and chest weights are suspended from the shoulders weighing eighty pounds. There is a life-line and air-pipe attached and a helmet screwed on to the collar. Then the diver is ready to go down to the bottom of the sea. The depth at which they usually find these shells varies from sixty to one hundred and eight feet, tho at the latter depth a man can only stay down about ten minutes. Where the water is more shallow he is able to stay about two hours on the sea bottom.

Pearl-diving is very hard work, for the diver sometimes walks twenty miles on the bed of the sea in search of shells. Two hundred pairs of shells is counted a good day's work, tho sometimes a diver has been known to gather one thousand in a single day. Not all the shells have pearls in them. Sometimes a diver will open a ton of shells without finding a single pearl, and then again, in one day's work, he may find pearls that are worth a fortune.

The most famous pearl discovered in recent years was on the coast of Australia, and is known as the Southern Cross. It consists of a cluster of nine pearls in the shape of a cross, and is almost as perfect as if made by a jeweler. This strange piece of natural jewelry was picked up at low water by a very poor man, who, when he opened the shell and saw the pearls in the shape of the crucifix, was greatly frightened and was very superstitious. He buried it for a while in the ground, and afterward dug it up and sold it for a very small sum. It has since been sold for over \$50,000.

The pearls do not seem to grow naturally in these mother-of-pearl oyster shells, but owe their existence to some foreign substance, such as a little particle of sand or something of that kind, getting into the shell. This probably wounds and hurts the delicate body of the mollusk, and the offending substance becomes covered over with the same secretion with which the pearl oyster lines the interior of its home. Thus one of the most beautiful gems in the

world is produced by a little creature struggling against the hardships and trials which beset its existence.

This ought to teach us the lesson that trial and temptation and hard experience may help us to develop beautiful pearls of patience and goodness in our own character, if instead of idly fretting at the things that annoy us we set to work to get whatever of good or beauty there is out of them.

When Jesus was on earth in one of His sermons He compared the kingdom of heaven to a merchant seeking goodly pearls: "Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it." Whatever earthly pearls we may succeed in obtaining, they will all seem as nothing to us at last compared to the precious pearl of our Savior's forgiveness and love.

SPIDERS AND MICE IN A MUSIC CLASS.



HERE are many pretty stories, fables, and legends, such as the one about Orpheus and his lyre, and the one about the Pied Piper of Hamelin, telling of the power of music to charm animals. A friend of mine once told me that in the forests of Puget Sound, in Washington, he had drawn cotton-tail rabbits within the reach of his hand by whistling.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous writer, the favorite of young folks as well as old, has told us how, when he was living in the Sandwich Islands, he used to lie on a sofa sometimes when he was weary and play a flageolet. After a time a little mouse appeared on a shelf above his head, apparently because he loved music. When he had appeared a number of times, and

found the music and the player both welcomed him, he came close enough to Mr. Stevenson to be petted. He came to feel so much at home that when he got hungry for music he would come out on the shelf and scratch and whine, and thus beg the famous novelist to play for him. At last, like a dutiful husband, having found a good thing, he told about it at home, and one day brought Mrs. Mouse with him, and after that they always attended the concert together.

A year or so ago a small boy in New York received for his Christmas present a music-box that played three tunes. One evening the little fellow sat on the floor turning the crank of his music-box. His mother was in the room with him, when to her surprise she saw three mice come out of a hole and listen to the music, creeping closer and closer to the little musician on the floor. The little boy did not see them, and the mother said nothing about it for fear the mice would be frightened. When he ceased playing they went away again into their hiding-

place The next night the boy, knowing nothing of his queer little audience, sat on the floor again. This time the boy saw the mice and kept right on playing. The mice grew more and more courageous and played about the boy. The next night the little musician had not only his music-box for his friends, but, like a generous little host, he had some refreshments—some cake and cheese. The three mice and the little boy became great friends, and all because they all four loved music of the same sort.

But I think the strangest little concert-goers I ever heard of are spiders. Until recently I had never thought about spiders as creatures that would care for pleasant sounds. But one summer, while living in our summer home on Staten Island, the three little children played every morning on the porch, and a large spider, which had its web and nest up under the edge of the porch out of sight, and which never came in sight any other time, would come out as soon as the children began to laugh and play in their merry chatter, and swing down on

a tiny rope two or three feet long and seem to watch and listen to the children by the hour. As soon as they left the porch he went back home. I think it must have been the sweet tones of childish laughter that brought him out.

During a great concert in Leipsic one of the musicians saw a spider descend from one of the chandeliers while a violin solo was being played, but as soon as the large orchestra began to sound it hurried back as fast as it could.

And now there comes this pretty story from Boston. Of course we have all heard jokes upon what a city for culture Boston is; how the street-car conductors speak Greek, and the herdic drivers converse in Latin; but it is really interesting to know that the spiders there are musicians. In one of the churches there the organist noticed a spider which swung down from the ceiling and hung suspended just above his hands when he was playing. Several days after he noticed the same spider and proceeded to experiment with its musical taste. He found that the spider loved soft music, and would al-

ways come and remain so long as he played anything soft and plaintive, but would immediately hurry away whenever he played anything unusually loud.

It is a very interesting and beautiful thought to me that God has put this love for sweet sounds and harmonies in all His creatures. Surely, He who was so careful about His work that He gave to the little spider musical taste and ears to enjoy the sweet sounds of the world, will not forget to watch over those who are made in His own likeness.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.



WAS in an art store a few days ago and saw two oil paintings, each on a rather large canvas, which impressed me so much that I think I must tell the boys and girls about them. They were both sheep pictures. The first one was a summer scene. It was a beautiful landscape that stretched away before the eye, a quiet restful valley, with a lazy stream wending its peaceful way through the meadows into the hazy distance, while immediately in the foreground on the hillside near a group of splendid trees a flock of sheep, some grazing and some resting, feasted the eye. It was high noon, and the old shepherd lounged

in the shade, and by him, sitting on his haunches, was his dog, a little more alert than his master, but in all the picture there was not one element of discord to break the peace and harmony of the scene. Without intending to do so, I found myself murmuring the sweet opening words of the Shepherd Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."

Just across the store there was another picture that might have been painted by the same man as a companion piece for the one at which I had been looking, yet such was not the case. It, too, was a sheep picture, but how different was the scene! It portrayed a flock of sheep that had been caught out on the plain in a snow-storm. Not one of those gentle snows which come down softly on the air like feathers, but such a storm as one may see sometimes up in Montana or northern Idaho on the high plateau—a storm where the wind rages and howls and blows so fiercely that it will tear up as much

sand and gravel and dirt from the earth as it brings down snow from the angry clouds; a storm where sand and snow and ice seem hurled from the clenched fist of the wind, tossed and torn here and there by whirlwinds, now sweeping the earth bare, and again piling the soiled snow in great drifts. It was in a dense, cold storm like that that this flock of sheep had been caught, and the poor beasts are crowded together trying to find some help from each other, with a look of terror in their great sad eyes. The shepherd was nowhere to be seen; perhaps he had already perished in the cold. But near them were two shepherd dogs. One of them was a little fellow, and he was standing in front of the other with his head between the large dog's forelegs, trying thus to escape the force of the storm. But the big dog, how I did admire him! He stood there strong and faithful. And the look on his intelligent face seemed to say to the poor sheep: "I can't do much for you; no dog could get you home through this awful storm; but I won't desert you; I'll stay by and

keep you company, and if need be I will die with you."

Far off through the storm the artist revealed the deeper meaning of this picture in a huge wooden cross, with a pile of rocks about its base. But as I looked at it, I said to myself: Thank God, the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ can do more than that for us! It would have been a great thing if, when we were poor lost sinners, and had all gone astray like these poor sheep lost in the storm, some one up in heaven who was honored and loved there, and had all the beauty and glory of the heavenly world to make him joyous and happy, had come down to earth to live with us, and had said to us: "I can't do much for you; I don't know how to get you out of the storm, how to get you clean of your sins, and bring you back again to your home in heaven; but I am sorry for you, and I will stay here with you, and if I can not do anything else I will die with you."

Yes, that would have been a glorious thing. It would have been a heroic and splendid act.

But Jesus did a much better thing than that for us. He was rich, and yet for our sakes He became poor, and gave His life not that He might die with us only, but that He might die for us, and bear our sins in His own body on the cross. He is the Good Shepherd who "giveth His life for the sheep." He is "a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest."

KITTENS IN THE CRADLE.



ONE of the sweetest stories I have read for a long time is about a wise old cat who managed to find a safe place for her kittens. Poor old Tabby, she had had hard luck. She had started in to raise two or three families of baby pussies, and every time somebody would slip them away out of the nest when she happened to be out, and she never found out what became of them. So Tabby determined to find a safe place, and went up into the attic under the roof and found a little old-fashioned cradle which she thought was just the place to keep her babies safe.

There had not been any babies in that cradle

for a long time. A dear old grandmother lived there, but the children and grandchildren had gone far away, and the grandmother and her old bachelor brother lived a very quiet life. One day the old lady went up into the attic to look after some herbs, when, happening to look across the room, she saw that the cradle under the eaves was rocking! It would swing to and fro very fast for a little while, and then almost stop, when, as if some fairy were rocking it, it would again begin to rock furiously.

The little old grandmother was a brave woman, but it gave her such a turn that it was quite a while before she could muster up courage to cross the attic and find out what made the cradle rock. When she looked down into the cradle she was astonished. There were three pretty, plump little kittens.

They were having a great frolic; and as they rolled over each other and jumped up on the sides of the cradle they kept it rocking quite as it used to do when it had a sure-enough baby in it and grandpa sat beside it.

Just then old Tabby came up and rubbed herself against grandmother's dress, and jumped, purring, in among the kittens, who gave her a joyous welcome.

Grandmother's eyes had tears in them as she looked down into the old cradle, and she stroked old Tabby on the back and said, "Your babies are safe, Tabby."

I think this is a good story for all of us, this Christmas week, when all the world is thinking about that manger cradle in Bethlehem where the baby Christ lay so long ago. All the cradles are safer and all the babies happier because of Him who was cradled in the manger.

THE LION'S KISS.



A YEAR or two ago a silly girl at Coney Island, N. Y., came near being killed by trying in a public performance at some sort of a show, to kiss the lips of a large Asiatic lion. The lion had been confined a good while and was thought to be very tame, but this time something made him angry, and he seized the poor girl's face in his jaws and tore it cruelly. It seems strange that grown-up people would permit a little girl to run such a risk, or that she should have been so foolish as to do it. But when I read the story, I said to myself that there were a good many boys and girls who come to sor-

row and grief by trying to kiss a lion. In the Bible the devil is compared to a "roaring lion," which goes about "seeking whom he may devour."

A quaint old man, writing long ago, said: "Our sins are the whelps of lions ready to devour us." And David prayed once, "Save me from the lion's mouth."

There are times when it is the duty of a boy or a girl to resist the devil boldly, and to meet temptation and evil of every sort face to face. On all such occasions we may depend upon God for protection. Daniel went down bravely into the den of lions rather than be false to God, and the angel of the Lord closed the lion's mouths before him. David, one time when he was keeping his father's sheep, fought both a lion and a bear rather than let them steal one of his lambs. Samson, too, when a young lion attacked him, was given strength of God to tear it in pieces without even a knife to help him. And God will not desert us if we are doing our duty and come upon dangers. But when we

go out of curiosity or just to have a good time where we know the old lion of evil will be in the way, then we are as silly as the girl who tried to kiss the lion at Coney Island.

There is a large litter of these lion's whelps which many young folks come to grief by caressing. One of them is *Idleness*—a rather sleepy lion, perhaps, you will say, but a bad lion to kiss, I do assure you. There are many proverbs about idleness. One of them is, "An idle mind is the devil's workshop." And there is a ghostly sort of story in the Bible about a house that was left empty because a bad tenant had been driven out; and, nobody else moving in, he came back with seven other tenants worse than himself, and the eight of them made the house a much worse nuisance in the community than it was before. An empty, idle boy or girl is always getting into trouble and never comes to any good end. Life is a ladder which can only be climbed round by round through hard work. There is no other way up. Even Jacob's

ladder, on which the angels traveled, reached up to heaven step by step.

An *Ungoverned Temper* is another one of these young lions that it isn't safe to play with. Solomon said: "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." No boy ought to excuse himself for flying into a violent passion by saying, "I am naturally very quick-tempered." No boy ever had too much temper. Temper in a boy is like spirit in a colt, not to be broken down or destroyed, but to be mastered and controlled. Many a boy has grown up to be a wicked man, who came to be a murderer in some sudden fit of anger, because he was ruined in his boyhood by kissing the lips of this lion of ungoverned temper. There is one sure way only of bringing the temper into safe control, and that is to give the reins of one's life into the hands of Jesus Christ. Bishop Simpson, in one of his great sermons, says that when the wild horses of his life were running away with him to certain ruin and he could not hold them in, the Savior stepped

into the carriage behind him, and putting His arms about him took the lines into His own strong hands. The most unruly temper can be brought into high and noble service, and be made a splendid steed to pull life's loads, by asking Christ to help you train it.

Then there is that terrible lion of *Strong Drink*. The beer-glass and the wine cup, alas! how many kiss its foaming lips to their ruin! The prophet Joel tells about one "whose teeth are the teeth of a lion, and he hath the cheek teeth of a great lion," which is a good description of this lion of strong drink. In these days when everybody knows what a dangerous beast it is, it is awful folly for any young man to press his caressing lips against its glaring teeth. One would think that the sight of the older men who have been scarred and bitten by him, and go staggering about the streets, would be enough to make all the boys give him a wide berth.

THE RAIN-MAKER.



AN artist living Down East in Nova Scotia, a Mr. Margeson, has painted a very striking picture which he calls "The Rain-maker." The scene is a large Indian village with many teepees or wigwams scattered about, the smoke curling from the center of them, and standing on the roof of one, in the foreground, is a big stalwart Indian arrayed in paint and feathers, who is looking upward at a dark cloud which hangs overhead. His left hand holds a large Indian bow, which is being bent by the grip which the right hand has on the string, holding the arrow in place, which is ready to fly and pierce the cloud, and let

out the rain upon the thirsty earth. The artist illustrated in this picture an old Indian superstition, that certain rain-doctors or rain-makers had the power to shoot their arrows into the great rain-bottles of the sky, and bring about plentiful showers.

We have had some recent attempts at rain-making in our own country by white men. Many of the boys and girls will remember how, only two or three years ago, there was a great deal of talk in the newspapers about the proposal of certain men to cause a rain by exploding large quantities of gunpowder or other explosives in the air. It was a great craze for a while. Even congressmen got it, and passed a bill setting apart a certain sum of money to test the plan on the great plains of the West and the Southwest. Sometimes the rain-makers seemed to hit it; but they failed so many more times than they succeeded that people soon lost all confidence in them, and the rain-making fad soon died out.

The most amusing story I have heard about

this craze was of a man in Iowa who hired a professional rain-maker to bring about a gentle shower upon his growing crops within a certain length of time, for which he was to pay a considerable sum of money. According to contract the rain-doctor fired off his explosives and, sure enough, a great storm came up, and the rain began to fall. But he overdid it; and instead of a gentle shower the rain came down in torrents, and so beat down and washed away the man's grain that he sued the rain-maker for damages. I really don't know whether this story is true or not, but it is funny enough to be true, and shows what might really happen if some men had the power to make rain at their pleasure. They could rain out a camp-meeting and spoil it whenever they wanted to. And if one town was going to have a Fourth of July picnic, another town that was jealous could send its rain-maker over there and cause a pour-down that would dampen the ardor of their patriotism and drown out their processions.

There is a story told in the First Book of

Kings that Elijah once prayed for rain when the sky had been barren of clouds for a long time, and the earth was dry, and the air full of dust. This is the way the Bible tells the story: "And Elijah said unto Ahab, Get thee up, eat and drink; for there is a sound of abundance of rain. So Ahab went up to eat and to drink. And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, and said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold! there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain."

What a rich blessing it is that God is the great rain-maker and looks after the weather

Himself! How much strife and trouble there would be in communities if we had to go by a majority vote as the kind of weather we should have every week; but as it is, nobody can grumble or find fault with his neighbor because the weather does not suit him. It is very foolish, as well as very wicked, to grumble at the weather. It is one of the "all things" that "work together for good to them that love God." God sends the rain upon the just and the unjust alike, and it is for us to adapt ourselves to the kind of weather He sends, and make the very best use of it we can.

A WORLD FULL OF FRIENDS.



ALWAYS take the greatest pleasure in hoarding up stories that tell about unusual friendships between different kinds of animals or between animals and human beings.

In one of the police-stations in New York city there is a South American monkey, called Jennie. Jennie has one great failing, she will take things that do not belong to her. I suppose if she were a rich lady or gentleman they would call her a kleptomaniac, or some large word like that; but as she is only a poor little monkey, they call her a thief. The policemen at the station let her run loose until the neighbors would not stand it any longer.

The straw that broke the camel's back in Jennie's case was a pudding. A lady living not far away from the station set her nice rice-pudding out on a window-sill to cool. As soon as it was cool enough to investigate Jennie came along and stole all the raisins out and ate them. From that day Jennie has been a prisoner, fastened to the wall by a ten-foot chain. This imprisonment was very lonesome for her, until a little terrier dog was brought to the station and became such friends with the monkey that Jennie ceased her fretting and has been quite contented ever since.

But that is not so strange a friendship as is seen on a farm in Maryland, where a farmer has succeeded in taming a hawk and in teaching it to live on the most friendly terms in his poultry-yard, where it seems to enjoy very much the companionship of the chickens and turkeys, apparently not knowing that they are usually enemies, and not friends.

Once in Boise City, Idaho, I owned a very large sand-hill crane. This bird was perfectly

tame, and a great friendship sprang up between the crane and a young white turkey-gobbler. The turkey would follow the crane all day and try to imitate its motions. It finally refused to roost with the other turkeys and remained on the ground with its friend, the crane, at night.

I have heard of an odd little happy family on Long Island where an old hen stole four little kittens from a cat. The little kittens would "meow"; and when the old hen clucked to them they would come and get under her wings. Their mother, the cat, would come and give them their dinner, and then go away. The old hen would let the mother cat come, but she would not let any one else touch the kittens.

Under one circumstance and another man has made friends with almost every animal we know about. Some of these, like squirrels, make friends very easily with people who are kind to them. A gentleman in New York city who often goes to Central Park has formed such an intimate friendship with one of the squirrels there that he will go and take his stand under

the big oak-tree, where he usually finds it, and look up and call, "Come! Come! Here I am!"

At the first sound the squirrel will run quickly down the tree to the lowest branch, from which he will give a flying leap and land on the gentleman's shoulder. He will sit there and eat the nuts with which his friend feeds him, and will even let him put the kernels between his sharp teeth with his fingers. When they have had their visit the gentleman bids him good-by and walks away.

We are assured in the Bible that this is to become a world full of friends after a while, and that anger and war and strife and bloodshed are to cease out of the earth. The prophet Isaiah, telling about that time, says that when those happy days shall come "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the

ox. And the suckling child play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den."

Let us help to bring on that glorious time by kindness to all God's creatures.

HORSES AND DOGS AS OUR TEACHERS.



HE who made this wonderful world and placed in it creatures who were fitted to enjoy and use it has put in the hearts of all of us an instinct of love for our homes, and a sense of pleasure and gladness in seeing those whom we have been accustomed to meet, if they have been kind to us. This love for home and friends makes us very lonesome when we are taken away, and causes us to desire to get back. By the word "us," as I have used it here, I mean not only men and women and boys and girls, but horses and dogs and oxen and chickens and, indeed, almost all the animals that we know about, for it seems that God has put this instinct into the

brain and heart of all His creatures, however humble they may be.

I once knew about a horse that grew up from a colt on a farm near where I lived, when a boy, in the hills of Oregon. A man came there from near Portland, more than a hundred miles away, and bought this horse, who had never in his life been farther from home than the little country town about five miles distant, to which he had helped haul a load of wheat to the grist-mill. His new owner took him away all this long distance—over mountains and through forests, crossing two rivers on ferryboats—and when he got home he turned him out in his pasture. It was a good pasture and the horse was hungry and tired, but he was so lonesome and homesick that he jumped over the fence the first night, and a few mornings afterward was nickering to his mate over the pasture-gate at home. He had had to swim two rivers on his way back.

This love for home and master is very strong in dogs. Last year a very fine, large St. Ber-

nard dog, whose name was Brewster, was sent as a present from his home in Brooklyn to a boy out in Fremont, Neb. He was named Brewster by his master in honor of one of our most successful missionaries over in China. From the time this dog was a little puppy he was a good watch-dog, and thus reminded his master of his friend, the missionary, who was always watchful and alert, and never like some of those preachers described in the Bible as "dumb dogs" that "can not bark." Well, Brewster had a long railroad ride of nearly two thousand miles, and got to his new home very much worn out; but the first time his new master took him out to play and took the chain off him, he struck straight for the depot, and then down the railroad on the home track for Brooklyn, and got twenty miles on the way before he was stopped.

Both of these animals showed a very strong love for their home, and a very great desire to get back where they were sure of kind care.

The Bible has in it many interesting things about animals as teachers for us. Isaiah says,

in the third verse of the first chapter of his book, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." And then he goes on to say that some people who have been very kindly treated by the Lord are not as wise as these animals in knowing the Master who has been so kind, and has bestowed upon them so many blessings. Strange, isn't it, that a horse or a dog should have sense enough, and love and gratitude enough, to risk anything to get back to his master and serve him loyally, when boys and girls who have so much more opportunity to learn wisdom and have received so much higher blessings from their heavenly Father stray off from Him of their own accord and lose themselves in the forests and swamps of sin and wrongdoing?

Why, sometimes a dog might even teach us how to pray. A widow who lives in New York city, and who owns a stable near her house, in which she keeps thirty horses, was wakened the other night between one and two o'clock in the morning by her little dog Jack, who was scratch-

ing on the window and whining. "There is that Jack again," said the widow, very much vexed, for she had punished him more than once for disturbing her rest. "I'll give him a lesson!" And she got up to chase him away. Then she saw the stable on fire. As it turned out, Jack had wakened her up in time to rescue all the horses, and to give the alarm so that the firemen saved most of her property. Jack was a hero that night, because when he saw the trouble he went and asked help quick of the one who was able to give it. So the Savior says that we should ask help of Him in every time of need. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

THE DEVIL AS A TRAPPER.



HERE is a kind of fish that swims in the deep seas which is very rare and a great curiosity. Its common name is the Torch fish, but very learned people call it the Linophryne Lucifer. It is a queer creature, with triangular jaws filled with long, slender teeth, a cartridge-shaped tongue, and body very much like a worn-out old shoe that has become so limber it can't hold itself up in shape any more. The most remarkable thing about this strange fish is that on the tip of its long pipe-stem nose there is an egg-shaped object that the fish can light up like a bull's-eye lantern whenever he wants to,

and put it out again when he so pleases. This lantern does not serve as a guide to him in his wanderings, but is used as a trap to entice unwary and innocent little fool fishes. When this deep-sea Lucifer is hungry he just lights his lamp, which is a peculiar kind of lip with phosphorus on it, opens his mouth and waves before it a slender, cordlike appendage that grows from beneath his lower jaw. The small fishes mistake the light for a certain kind of toothsome firefly that is down in that sea, and in their scramble for this dainty they sail right into Lucifer's mouth, which is gaping wide open to receive them. When he has had all the dinner he wants he turns off the light and goes away about his business.

How like the other Lucifer this odd fish is! He is always setting traps for people and luring them into a snare. The writer of the Book of Proverbs says that men and women are often more foolish even than these little fish, because they are the only animals in the world so silly as to go into a trap which is set in their own

presence. The devil depends very largely on getting people by traps, for one of the writers of the Bible whose name is James, a very honest, straightforward kind of a man, says the devil is a great coward, and never will stand up and fight anybody that makes a sure-enough stand against him. He declares that if you will "resist the devil . . . he will flee from you." The trouble is that a great many boys and girls are deceived by him at first and go with him, yielding to him until he gets so much power over them they are not able to break away. The devil is an awful liar, and never keeps his promises to give pleasant lives to those that yield to his temptations.

Mr. Frank Beard, the artist, made a cartoon once which represented a giddy boy in pursuit of Folly, which was represented as a beautiful young woman who, with a cup of sinful pleasure in her hand, led on the silly lad by garlands of flowers which bound him to her. Then there was another picture which showed what happened after a while. In the second picture the

girlish figure of Folly was a ragged, ugly, old hag, and the beautiful wreaths made out of flowers were changed into rusty iron chains of evil habit, and the boy, grown into a dissipated man, was being dragged like a slave to his doom. These two pictures tell the old story which is lived over again by captured boys and girls in city and country every year.

The devil is very much afraid of the Bible. There isn't any way you can put him to flight so quickly as to quote the Scriptures to him. When Jesus was tempted in the wilderness He put him to flight every time in this way, and we may do the same. In the island of Java there grows a tree, which may, perhaps, be the upas, the leaves of which are said to be deadly poison to venomous reptiles, and to snakes especially. Once, as a traveler was passing through a wood, he heard a cry of distress from a bird overhead, and on looking for the cause of alarm he saw a snake climbing up a tree to a nest of little ones. The snake was then beyond the man's reach, but he felt curious to watch

what was about to happen. Suddenly the bird ceased crying and flew away, but only to return in a few seconds with a large leaf, which she dropped over the nest. The snake was very near its intended prey, but at the moment it opened its mouth its eye caught sight of the guardian leaf, and the vile creature dropped to the ground as if it had been shot, and darted into the jungle. That venomous snake did not fear the leaf of the upas as much as the devil does the Word of God. It is when we give way to him that he has power. He is a coward, and runs if resisted by the youngest Christian.

ST. MARK'S EASTER STORY.



WISH all the boys and girls would read the story which St. Mark tells of the burial and resurrection of Jesus in the last two chapters of his very interesting little book. When Sunday morning came, three loving women started for the tomb desiring to anoint the body of Him whom they loved so well. And as they walked along sadly they said among themselves: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb?" But when they got close to the place they found the tomb open. God had sent His angel down earlier that morning, and he had rolled away the stone, and the Lord had come forth, and the soldiers who guarded

the grave had fallen like dead men in their fright, and had afterward fled away in terror into the city.

How often in our lives, when we are going to do some duty that seems hard to us, and we are wondering who we can get to help us roll away the stone that lies across our path, if we keep straight on, we find on getting to the place that it is already rolled away.

How excited and astonished these poor women must have been! But they wondered a good deal more when they entered the tomb and saw sitting on the right side an angel that looked like a young man arrayed in a white robe. And when they started back in amazement, he said: "Be not amazed: ye seek Jesus, the Nazarene, which hath been crucified; he is risen; he is not here."

I want the boys and girls to take notice that this angel was a young man. I do not remember any place in the Bible where an angel is represented as being old. They are never shown to us crippled or blind or weak. They

are always strong and full of hope and courage. Once there was a man who came over from Spain and sought all through the grassy glades of Florida for the fountain of perpetual youth, but, poor fellow! he never found it. Heaven is the land of perpetual youth. We shall never hear anybody say there that they are old or sick or tired.

How different was the epitaph which the angel put over Christ's tomb from those which mark the graves of other people! I was out in Greenwood cemetery not long ago, and I noticed how often it was inscribed on the marble, "Here lies." Then would follow the name and the dates, and probably some good word about the person whose monument it was. But the epitaph of Jesus was entirely different from that. It was not cut in the stone with a chisel, but it was spoken by the lips of this white-robed young angel, and it was not "Here lies," but, "He is risen; he is not here." Let us thank God for that glorious epitaph. For that empty tomb in Joseph's garden is a promise that all

the tombs shall some time be empty, and that the tyrant Death shall himself be destroyed. The beautiful Easter-time with its flowers, its sweet songs, and its sweeter hopes, should inspire all our hearts to believe that whatever we long for and desire, that is good enough to be true, shall be true to those who love and serve the Christ.

THE GURGLING BROOKS.



IN the hot summer-time out in the country among the hills or up in the mountains, when you have been walking or climbing till you are tired and hot and thirsty, there is nothing more pleasant than to come upon a little brook that gurgles and bubbles and splashes round the boulders, and seems to dance in the sun for very joy. How lovely it is to lie down beside it at full length, and put your hot mouth right down in the cold water, and drink, and drink, until the chipmunk weighing a hazelnut in his paws up on the limb of the pine-tree wonders if you are going to leave him enough water to last through the summer.

The Bible, which is the most interesting

book in the world, has a 'great many beautiful brooks that go singing through its pages.

It was by the brook Eshcol that the spies which Moses sent out found those wonderful vines, one branch of which was so large with its single cluster of luscious grapes that two men had to bear it on a long pole between them. How the eyes of the boys and girls among the Hebrews must have stood out! And how their mouths did water when they saw those grapes!

It was by the brook Besor that David left two hundred of his worn-out soldiers when he went out to fight with the Philistines. These poor fellows, who could not go any farther because they were so used up by the long march, stayed by this brook and looked after the baggage of the army. When the army came back they found them there, faithfully keeping guard. Some of the soldiers that went to the battle were mean enough to say that these poor crippled men that guarded the baggage shouldn't have any of the spoils they had taken from the enemy. But David, who was as generous and

just as he was brave, said: "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff; they shall part alike."

It was by the brook Cherith that Elijah hid himself one time when there was a great drought in the land, and when the soldiers of Ahab were hunting him to take his life. God told Elijah to hide there in the shade, by the side of the brook, and he sent the ravens to carry him food. Ravens would look out of place for waiters in a city dining-room, but they are just the right sort by the brook-side in the wilderness. "All things," even ravens and brooks, "work together for good to them that love God."

I went one time with a friend, in July, up into the Coast Range Mountains, in Oregon. We had come just a little before sunset to the foot of a big mountain which we were going to climb in the morning. We were in a deep canyon, timbered with splendid cedars and firs and pines, and beside a lovely mountain brook that came dashing and splashing over its bed of rocky boulders. I told my friend that if he

would get the coffee-water boiling, I would try that brook for a trout supper. The long, crooked vining maples twined so closely about the stream that only a little hazel-switch seven or eight feet in length could be used for a rod. This, with a fragment of silk line, with a small brown hackle dangling from the end, entirely innocent of bait, was the preparation. Slipping quietly down to the brook-side, I came up behind a great moss-covered rock, and dropped the innocent-looking artificial fly on the face of a little pool below. Scarcely had it touched the water when, with a sudden rush from under the rock, a half-pound trout seized it, and bent my frail rod almost double with his brave attempts to carry off his prize. My companion had not yet started a fire for supper when I returned with a string of fourteen speckled beauties, of from a quarter to a half pound in weight, which would have made any hungry boy's mouth water. With fried trout, broiled grouse (which we had shot that afternoon coming through the foothills), and the cool mountain air for an appe-

tizer, we feasted in a way worthy of the direct descendants of Elijah.

These brook stories ought to comfort any of us who feel that we can not do a great deal to make the world better, and have not much to give of anything that will make others happier. The brook has very little water compared with the river, but it waters the trees that grow near it, slakes the thirst of the birds and the squirrels, and refreshes and comforts a good many people. Curtis May, in a little poem, makes one brook sing:

“From one small spring pure drafts I bring,
And tiptoe through the thirsty land.
Cup-bearer I, where brown wrens fly,
And violets hide on either hand.”

Let every boy and girl go and do likewise.

KINDNESS TO DUMB CREATURES.



THE wise man who wrote the Book of Proverbs in describing a good woman says that she lived according to "the law of kindness." We all ought to live according to that law in the treatment of those creatures which can not talk to us in their own behalf. And surely any friend so appreciative and so capable of friendship and devotion as the dog or the cat deserves our kindness and gentle treatment.

It is quite common to speak slurringly of cats, and very often boys and girls seem to vie with each other in maltreating them and excuse themselves by saying : " A cat is a cross, scratchy

animal, anyway." But it is not, if treated kindly. If I were to take one of those boys who thus excuses himself for stoning brown old Tom or gray Puss, and should shy old boots and tin cans at him whenever he ventured into the street; if I were to kick him off the doorstep at every opportunity, or slip slyly up behind him and hold him dangling by the heels till his head seemed on fire, I wonder if he wouldn't get to be "a cross, scratchy old thing," too?

Then there are the birds. It seems to be a great temptation to boys in the springtime to rob the birds' nests and leave the poor old mother mourning and discouraged. I am sure that many boys do this who would never do so again if they would thoughtfully read this beautiful story which I am now going to tell you:

Edward Corliss, the great inventor, and the man who invented the Corliss engine, was once building an addition to his factory, and in doing so it was necessary to remove a great ledge of rock by blasting in order to make a place for the foundation. The workmen had been em-

ployed, and the blasting begun. The next morning Mr. Corliss was passing by the place when the foreman, knowing his interest in pretty things, called him.

"See here, Mr. Corliss," said he; "here's a bird's nest that we have found, and that's got to go."

He showed the inventor and manufacturer a robin, sitting upon a nest that had been built up in a crevice of the rock, among some bushes. The bird flew off her nest as the men came near, revealing five blue eggs that looked as if they had just been laid.

"Can't we move that nest somewhere else?" asked Mr. Corliss.

"I am afraid not, sir. We'd tear it to pieces getting it out, and it isn't likely you could get the bird to go to sitting again anywhere else. We've got to go on, so we may as well rip it out, and throw the eggs away."

"No, we won't disturb her. Let her bring out her brood right there."

"But we'll have to stop the work on the building!"

"Let us stop it then."

And stop it he did. The hands were put to work at whatever they could do, but drew their pay for doing next to nothing, while the old robin sat on her nest like a queen, and had her food brought her by her mate, and at last hatched her brood. And then there were three weeks more before the young ones could fly.

Mr. Corliss visited them often, not because he was impatient, but because he liked to see the little things growing. The old birds had all the time they wanted; and it was not until they had taught their clumsy youngsters to fly that the men were allowed to go at their blasting again, and the dull boom of the gunpowder tearing the rocks apart was heard where the old mother robin had safely reared her young.

Boys and girls who are trying to become like the Lord Jesus will surely learn the law of kindness, for He was gentle and kind to everything. A young lady friend of mine was out in the

country to visit her cousins one day. One of them, a little boy, standing before her, noticed her King's Daughters cross pinned on her dress, and said to her: "I think I belong to a society like that."

"What's the name of your society?" she asked.

He replied, "It's the society that doesn't kill toads."

I hope all the boys and girls will join that society.

A STRANGE HOUSE.



ONE of the strangest houses I have ever heard about is on the Pacific Ocean, near Cypress Point, on the coast of California. It belongs to a Chinese fisherman, and is partly natural and partly the work of his own hands. The natural part of the house is a small cave in one of the many rocks that are found all over the beach. The other part is a sort of wooden shed which has been built in front of this cave. The lumber used is of the roughest kind; and the queer old Chinaman, tho ugly enough himself, has an eye for beauty, and has covered up the rough lumber with abalone shells, the hollow side being turned out. The Chinaman

did this a great many years ago, when the shells were plentiful and were not worth much in the market. Every shell used has been spoiled, as nails have been driven through them more or less, according to their size. There is one shell at least fifteen inches across, and one equal to it in good condition could not be bought in San Francisco for any price. Most of the larger shells, if they were not punctured with nail holes, would readily sell for from three to five dollars apiece. That size can not be had in the market now, and would be hard to find on the rocks of any part of the coast. The general effect of the house when the sun strikes it at the proper angle is dazzling. The polished, pearly surfaces of the shells sparkle and flash with all the colors of the rainbow. It is a pleasing and beautiful sight, tho it seems a pity that so many beautiful shells were destroyed to produce it.

But I know about a stranger house than that. It, too, was partly a cave. It was the stable of the little inn where Jesus was born, and where

the wise men who came from the East found Him lying in the manger when they came to worship Him and bestow their beautiful gifts. The old Chinaman's house is bright outside and dark inside, but the Bethlehem stable, dark and dingy as it may have been outside, was bright and radiant inside where the Christ-child lay. However plain or poor the outside of our houses may be, we may all make them bright within with kindness and good cheer.

JUDGED BY THE COMPANY ONE KEEPS.



IF any of you live in the country or spend your vacations there you know what a cunning thief the crow is. Well, here is a crow story:

A band of crows one spring began to pull up a farmer's young corn, and he determined to put a stop to it. So he loaded up his shotgun and slipped out along the fence prepared to make it warm for them. Now it so happened that the farmer had a very sociable parrot, who, discovering the crows pulling up the corn, flew over and joined them. The farmer saw the crows, but did not see the parrot. He fired among them, and then climbed over the fence to-

see what execution he had done. There lay three dead crows, and his pet parrot with ruffled feathers and a broken leg! When the bird was taken home the children asked:

“What did it, papa? Who hurt our pretty Poll?”

“Bad company! Bad company!” answered the parrot, in a solemn voice.

“Ay, that it was,” said the farmer. “Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and he received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot’s fate, children. Beware of bad company.”

With these words the farmer turned round and, with the aid of his wife, bandaged the broken leg, and after a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever. But it never forgot its adventure in the cornfield, and if ever the farmer’s children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, and there was the noise of anger and strife, the parrot would cry out, “Bad company! Bad company!”

Many a boy or girl has got into trouble, not

through any evil thing which they did themselves, but because of the company in which they were found. People will judge us by the company we keep, for in the long run the old proverb is true, that "Birds of a feather flock together."

It is never safe for us to do anything just because a great many people are doing the same thing. We must be careful and know that the thing that we want to do is right, and a good thing to do, rather than that there are many or few people who are doing it. Boys and girls of a sociable temperament often feel very hard toward their parents who are careful of the company they keep, and think the old people are too particular about it. I remember once, when I was a little boy and lived out in the country, a new family had moved into the neighborhood, and there were two boys about my age, and they had a number of dogs, and I liked to go squirrel-hunting with them very much. One day I wanted to visit them, but my father, who thought I was seeing more of them than was

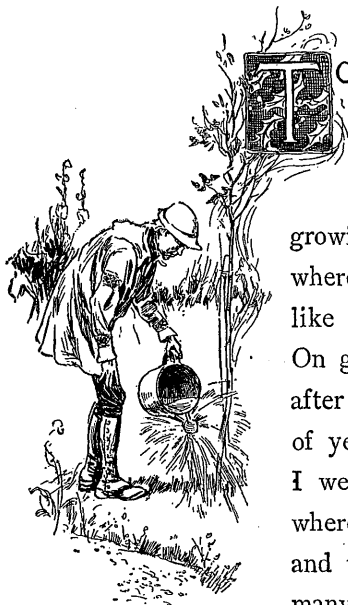
good for me, refused to let me go. At this I burst out with a very silly, angry speech: "I never will amount to anything, for you and mother never let me go into society at all." A little later father saw the boys coming across the pasture and shouted out to me: "You needn't worry any more, Louis; yonder comes 'society' and all its dogs." It was a long time before they let me forget my silly speech, and it was well for me that it was so. The boy who is always running with the crowd, and with no better reason than because "the other fellows" do it, will be sure to come to grief.

A writer in *The Scientific American* tells an interesting story about how an alligator sometimes gets his food. He says he is a lazy beast and instead of hunting for something to eat he lets his victuals hunt him. That is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the opossum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats, and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator does not shut his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of

things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats will light on the frogs. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then all at once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls, the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the entire menagerie, and opens his great front door again for more visitors.

Don't go with the crowd unless you have a good reason for it, for the Savior says: "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.



TO the young folks who live in the city Arbor Day does not mean so much as it does to those who are growing up in the country, where the trees come to seem like companions and friends. On going back to my old home, after being away for a number of years, one of the first places I went was to an old oak-tree where I had played when a child, and which had for me a great many tender and sweet memories.

I stood in the shade of it and quoted the sweet old poem, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," and the tears came in my eyes as I recited the words:

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade:
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters play'd;
My mother kiss'd me here,
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old tree stand!"

In some parts of our country where originally only treeless plains met the eye the entire appearance has been changed by the planting of beautiful groves and orchards. Boise Valley, in southern Idaho, used to be just a broad high plateau, with the Boise River running down through the center of it. It grew only sagebrush and grease-wood, and now and then an antelope or a jack-rabbit. Its white, ashy soil did not seem to be worth anything at all. But some man tried the experiment of digging a little irrigation ditch and letting the water run out from the river about his camp, and pretty soon, under the touch of the water, the white soil got to be as black as his hat and became so rich and fertile that it would grow rapidly almost any kind of seed he might put

into it. From that starting-point they have gone on and on, until now there are many large canals taken out from the river up next to the mountains, and these divide again and again into smaller streams—just as a shade-tree on the street divides into the big limbs, and then into the smaller branches, and finally into the little twigs—until the life-giving water covers the whole valley. Many of the farmers have planted rows of trees around their farms, and beautiful groves and orchards grow about the schoolhouses and churches and farmhouses, until, from being like the desert of yore, it has come to be Damascus, “the garden of the Lord.”

Trees are usually associated in the Bible with good things, and are used as a symbol of plenty. The psalmist says, “The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree”; and again, in another place, he declares, “The trees of the Lord are full of sap.” And in Isaiah, in describing the joy of the coming of Christ, the prophet says, “All the trees of the field shall clap their hands,” and that for those who love

Him, "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree." The Lord is always offering to trade with us like that. When we yield to the temptations of the evil one and do wrong things, we come to be filled with thorns and briars in our thoughts and conversation, so that we are very uncomfortable and unpleasant to live with. But the Lord promises that if we will forsake our sins and ask His help He will take away our thorns and briars and make us like the fir-tree, with its sweet-smelling balsam and its beautiful feathery sprays, or like the myrtle-tree with its lily-white flowers and fragrant berries.

How strange it is that any one should refuse a bargain like that! In order for trees to grow well they must have plenty of moisture for their roots. The writer of the first Psalm compares the people who delight in the law of the Lord, and who meditate upon His words and try to please Him by their conduct, to "a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth

forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Sometimes, however, there is a tree which has every chance and which yet yields nothing but leaves every year. The Savior tells a story about a tree like that, and how the owner of it was discouraged and told the gardener to cut it down and burn it up; but the gardener pleaded for it, and said if the master would let it stand another year he would give that tree special care and see if it would not bear fruit. Let all the boys and girls ask themselves the serious question, "Do I bear any fruit which is pleasing to Jesus?"

THE "I-DIDN'T-DO-ANYTHING" FOLKS.



It was in one of our Western towns that it happened. They had been having a big time that Fourth of July. But it was dark now, and the music and patriotic speeches were over with for the day. A lot of boys had gathered in the street, and having built a big bonfire out of old boxes and barrel staves were having a good time as they gathered close in its bright light and warmth, for the night was cool. They were mostly a well-to-do sort of boys and nicely dressed, but while they laughed and chatted a barefooted, ragged little fellow drew near and lagged timidly on the outside of the company for a few minutes,

but soon went up near the fire and stood beside it warming himself.

The largest, roughest boy in the crowd, when he saw him, shouted out: "Hello, Tatters! where did you come from?"

The boy tried to draw back and get away, but he was too late. The big fellow came up to him in a sneering sort of a way, saying: "Bare feet, and such a cap as that! Well, you're too fine entirely. Don't you know that kind of a cap is better roasted?" And a quick blow sent the little fellow's cap into the fire.

He tried to recover it, but failed.

"That was mean, Jim," said one of the boys, faintly. The others said nothing, and one or two laughed.

The ragged lad drew back, slipped away from the crowd, and sat down on a doorstep at a little distance, drawing his torn sleeve across his eyes to wipe away the tears of anger and grief.

He did not know it, but up above him a pitying, indignant little face looked down from

an upper window, and a pair of childish eyes that had watched the scene grew tearful through sympathy, and then brightened with the hope of comforting. Lily, for that was the little girl's name, hurried away, and was back in a few minutes with an outgrown cap of her brother's, a package of sandwiches and cookies that she had coaxed from the kitchen-maid, together with a bright silver dollar of her own. She put the articles in the cap, fastened a string to it, and lowered it softly toward the boy on the steps, dropping the end of the string as it reached him.

"Why, Lily, what are you doing?" asked a voice as she drew back.

Lily shook her bright hair and looked up at her brother.

"Doing what that speaker-man said this morning. He said we must let some of our blessings fall into the laps of those who haven't so much, and I did. It fell right into his lap, and I guess he didn't know whether it came from a window or from heaven, for he looked

up real quick and queer, and said, 'Thank you, amen!' and then ran away."

Guy laughed, but Lily's face looked reproachful.

"You were there by the bonfire all the time. Oh, Guy, I don't see how you could do it."

"Why, I didn't knock his cap off," said Guy, trying to excuse himself. "It was Jim Gregg; he's a rough fellow, always. I didn't do anything or say anything, or the other fellows didn't either."

I want to warn all the boys and girls at this Fourth of July season, when we are talking about heroes and patriots, against joining that great crowd of folks who just stand by and look on at the mean things that go in the world, and while they don't help it directly themselves, do nothing to put a stop to it. Here are these liquor-saloons that are doing so much damage. The saloon-keepers are on one side doing everything they can to get people to drink their poisonous stuff, and so many are led away by

them that the land is filled with drunkards and criminals every year. On the other side there is a band of men and women who are doing all they can to get these vile places shut up, and make the dram-seller go to work and earn a living like other folks by the sweat of his brow; but the largest company of all is the "I-didn't-do-anything" people who stand by and look on. If these people would just help, we could shut up every saloon in the country and make "Old Glory" wave over a sober nation. Jesus says that these people who look on and do nothing are blameworthy and will be punished. In His picture of the last judgment He says to them: "I was a stranger, sick, and in prison, and ye did it not unto me." Don't belong to that crowd.

AN OLD LOGGING-CAMP.



WHEN I was a boy over on the Pacific coast I used to see and hear a great deal about logging-camps, and the boys and girls down in Maine and Vermont and those up in Michigan and Wisconsin, as well as those on Puget Sound, in Washington, know what an interesting place a logging-camp is. It is usually away back from the farms, where the men and boys who cut down the big trees and measure off the logs live in camps, usually either canvas tents or log-cabins, and "snake" the logs out with ox teams in long rows.

The logs are usually taken to some place on the edge of a stream or lake where they can be

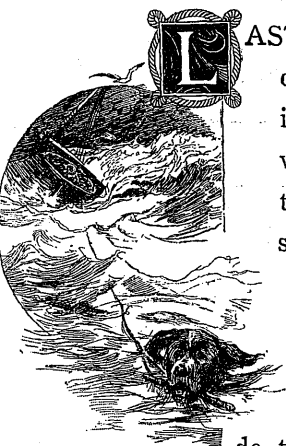
rolled into the water and floated to the sawmill and cut into lumber. Sometimes where the bank of the lake or river is very high the loggers make a long smooth "chute" or trough, which they keep greased, so that it is very slippery, and the logs are started down endwise. The logs slip down into this chute very fast and with great noise, and when they strike the water head first, like a boy diving off the dock when he goes in swimming, they make a splash that can be seen a long distance.

One of the oldest logging stories is told in the Bible in connection with the building of Solomon's temple. Solomon's great friend, Hiram, the King of Tyre, had a great deal of fine timber in his country, and so, wishing to be a good neighbor to Solomon, he sent a large army of men into the forests of Lebanon, where I have no doubt they lived in camps, for it would have been too far for them to go home nights after their work. These men got out a great many logs, for the temple was an immense building, and the Bible says Hiram gave Solomon

all the trees he wanted. A part of these logs were cedar and some of them were fir. When the logs were all cut and hewed to the proper shape they were taken down to the Mediterranean Sea and arranged in big floats or "booms," as they would call them in the West, and floated around the coast to the harbor nearest to the place where the temple was to be built.

I wonder if, when the great temple was done and stood in its beauty, and the crowds gathered from all over the country on the day of dedication, there were any of Hiram's loggers present to see the result of their labors?

A SHIPWRECKED DOG.



LAST summer a big Newfoundland dog, named Kaiser, had a most interesting experience at sea which came very near ending his travels. He was the pet of the skipper on the German bark *Ernst*, and was greatly loved by all the crew. Their ship sprang a leak in a storm, and, in spite of all they could do, the water gained on them so fast that it was soon ten feet deep in the hold, and they saw the ship must go to the bottom. They hoisted a flag of distress, and the French line steamer *La Bourgogne*, seeing their signal, drew near and sent boats to take off the officers and crew. The men so filled up the small boats that there was no room for the

dog, and, tho they were very sorry to leave him, they did not dare take him in one of the boats lest he should sink it. As they rowed away from the sinking ship the big fellow stood in the bow with his forepaws on the rail, howling dismally and looking reproachfully out of his big eyes at his old friends, as much as to say: "I never would have been mean enough to desert you like this."

But Kaiser was not born to be drowned, for scarcely had *La Bourgogne* faded out of sight below the horizon before the smoke of another steamship began to show above the white caps to the eastward. The signals of distress were still flying from the *Ernst*, and the captain of the *Mannheim*, discovering them, drew rapidly near the storm-tossed and sinking vessel, on which shaggy old Kaiser was captain, officers, and crew all in one.

As the vessel drew near Kaiser showed his appreciation of the situation in every way it was possible for a dog to do. He jumped about the deck in great glee, prancing up and down from

one end of the vessel to the other, and barking vociferously. The dog kept up such a constant barking that the captain concluded there must be somebody alive on board, altho he could not see any one, and determined to board the bark despite the fact that a heavy and dangerous sea was running at the time.

A boat was lowered from the steamer and several men, with the mate, were rowed close to the bark, whose decks by this time were awash with the waves. Taking advantage of a favoring lull, the small boat was run alongside and the mate scrambled aboard her. The big dog met him with a rough, but hearty welcome. Following Kaiser, the mate went into the cabin, where he soon saw that there was no one on board the bark, and that she had been deserted recently. The dog would hardly let the mate move around the deck, so wild was he in the hope of rescue. The mate decided that it would be best to set fire to the bark, lest some steamer should run into her and be wrecked; so he called the dog into the boat and ordered his

men to fire the vessel. This the men did by building a great fire in the captain's cabin and then taking to the boat. And while the *Ernst* was going up in flames Kaiser sailed away in peace with his rescuers on the *Mannheim*.

I think, of all animals, it would be saddest to think of a Newfoundland dog being deserted and drowned at sea, because they themselves are such generous and brave creatures in rescuing others from drowning. One time a vessel was driven ashore on the coast of Kent, England. There were eight sailors on board who were crying out for help, but the sea was so terrible that a boat could not be got off to their rescue, and it seemed they must surely be lost. Just then a gentleman came along the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the animal's attention to the vessel and put a short stick in his mouth. The quick-witted and brave dog at once understood his meaning, sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the mad waves toward the vessel. When he came near the crew made fast a rope to another

piece of wood and threw it toward him. The intelligent dog at once dropped his own piece of wood, seized that which had been thrown to him, and dragged it through the waves and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed with the vessel, and every man on board was rescued.

One of the most beautiful stories in the life of Christ is about a storm at night on the sea. Some friends of Jesus were in a little boat far from land when a wild storm came up, and the sea became so rough that they were in danger of being lost. But Christ was watching them from the shore and came walking toward them on the water. Sailors are often superstitious, and they were frightened when they saw Him, and thought it was a ghost; but He comforted them by saying, "It is I, be not afraid."

UNCLE WALLACE.



HEN I was a boy and lived in a farmhouse out in the country it was always a jolly time when Uncle Wallace came to see us. He was a preacher and traveled a circuit so large that it took him four weeks to get around on horseback. We children were always glad to see Uncle Wallace come, because he was such a kind-hearted, good man, and was always so gentle and cheerful that he brought the sunshine with him. Uncle Wallace knew how to do many things besides preaching. He could make the best willow whistles of any man in the country, and he could take the stalk of an elderberry-tree and

make a squirt-gun that would make any country boy's mouth water. Then he was full of stories that pleased both the old and the young folks. When he read the Bible he did it in such a natural way that it seemed as if he was reading a letter, and when he led at family prayers we all felt that the Lord was not very far away. All the people were glad to have him come, because he brought such a happy, good time along with him.

There is a story told in the Bible about one of the old preachers a long time ago who traveled on a big circuit, and there was a drought in the country where he lived and it was hard to get enough to eat. The Lord had this preacher stay for a long time by the side of a little brook, and the ravens brought him food, and he drank out of the brook. But after a while the brook dried up, and the Lord told him to go to the house of a widow woman who had one son. The woman was very poor, and had but just a little food left, but she divided it with the good man, and because she was so

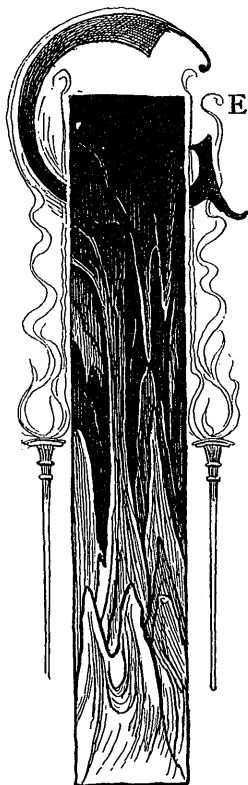
kind to him the Lord kept her food from giving out, so that as long as the preacher stayed there was plenty to eat. Probably the widow and the little boy thought he was as welcome company to have about the house as we thought Uncle Wallace to be.

It is a nice thing to give a welcome to visitors that bring the Lord with them. There is an interesting little story in the Sunday-school lesson about two young men who set the ark of God on an oxcart and drove the oxen along to Jerusalem with it. And when they came to a place where the ground was rough one of the young men took hold of the ark of God, which he had no right to do, and he died because of his sin. And David, who was king, was afraid to have the ark taken any farther, and so he left it in the house of a man by the name of Obed-edom, and it stayed there three months. And the strange thing about it was that from the moment it was left there God's blessing was on that house, and all Obed-edom or his wife or his boys and his girls did was so successful that the

neighbors all talked about it, and David lost his fear of the ark of God, and began to envy Obed-edom, and sent down and brought the ark of God up to Jerusalem.

There is always a good time in the house when Jesus comes to live there. And He has promised to come into the heart of any boy or girl who invites Him and stay there all the time. If Jesus stays with us, pride and meanness will have to leave, and I am sure that will be what an old neighbor of ours used to say when somebody he did not like moved away—"good riddance to bad rubbish."

GENERAL GRANT IN A MEXICAN CAVE.



GENERAL GRANT, in his "Personal Memoirs," relates in that simple and stately style which the world never dreamed he possessed until near the close of his life, a very interesting story of a journey to, and exploration of, the great caves of Mexico.

They started on their journey from the foot of Mount Popocatepetl, at an elevation of about eight thousand feet above the sea. They traveled on horseback toward the south, and, though the slope down seemed very gradual, they entirely changed climate and productions of the soil in one day's journey. In

the morning they left a temperate climate, where the fields and orchards were filled with very much the same kind of grains and fruits as are common in the United States; in the evening they halted in a tropical climate, where the orange and banana, the coffee and sugar-cane, were flourishing; yet they had been traveling, apparently, on a plain, but in the direction of the flow of water.

When the party reached the mouth of the cave they were provided with guides, candles, and rockets. They explored to a distance of about three miles from the entrance, and found a succession of chambers of great dimensions and of brilliant beauty when lit up with their rockets. Stalactites and stalagmites of all sizes were discovered. Some of the former were many feet in diameter, and extended from ceiling to floor; some of the latter were but a few feet high from the floor; but the formation was going on constantly, and hundreds of years hence these stalagmites will extend to the ceiling and become complete columns. The sta-

lagmites were all a little concave at the top, forming a cavity like a wash-basin, and all of these were filled with water.

General Grant's description of the formation of these great columns is very interesting. This is the way they are made. The water percolates through the roof, a drop at a time (often the drops several minutes apart), more or less charged with mineral matter. After a while the water evaporates, or dries up as we call it, leaving the mineral behind. This in time makes the immense columns, many of them thousands of tons in weight, which serve to support the roofs over the vast chambers.

At one point in the cave one of these columns was of such huge proportions that there was only a narrow passageway left on either side of it. Some of the party became satisfied with their sight-seeing before they had reached the point to which the guides were accustomed to take explorers, and started back without guides. Coming to this large column, they fol-

lowed it entirely around and commenced retracing their steps into the mountain, without being aware of the fact. When the rest of the party, among whom was General Grant, had completed their trip, they started out with their guides, but had not gone far before they saw the torches of an approaching party. They could not conceive who these could be, for all had come in together, and there were none but the Americans at the entrance when they started in. Very soon they found it was their own friends who were lost and completely turned around without knowing it. It took them some time to realize how they had got where they were. They were sure they had kept straight on for the mouth of the cave, and had gone about far enough to have reached it.

There are two very interesting and suggestive lessons in this story. One is concerning the formation of character. As the water came down through the roof of that Mexican cave only a drop at a time, but each drop leaving its sediment of mineral that after a while grew to

be a strong and splendid pillar; so every thought we think, and every purpose we form in our minds, and every deed we accomplish, has its sediment, either good or bad, which is left in our characters and goes to build up a pillar, either of truth and honesty or of evil, that will after a while become so strong and immovable that we shall be judged by it; and we shall be either good or bad according to the kind of pillars which our thoughts and deeds have been slowly but steadily building up in our minds and hearts.

The other lesson is suggested by the mishap, which might have been very serious, that befell the party trying to leave the cave before the guides. The incident shows how easy it is to get lost when we are traveling where we have not been before. All our lives are journeys over unknown paths. Every life is a new trail toward eternity. Many times the darkness and uncertainty is as great as that which the Americans found in the Mexican cave. They were only safe when they had the experienced

guides with them. So, none of us are safe except when we are led by the Guide which God has given us. Our Savior Jesus Christ came to show us how to live, and the Bible shows us the footsteps of this divine Guide. If we will ask Him, God will give us the Holy Spirit to throw light on the Bible and make it a guide-book which every one of us can understand.

SOME HEART STORIES.



THE most important thing for any boy or girl is to have a good heart. Many a clear head has gone astray because of a bad heart; and many a weak head has worn the crown of glory because of the good heart behind it. It is well to have both a good head and a good heart; but the heart is the more important. A wise man of old said: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." When a man does something so that we see into his heart, we know what kind of person he is.

Mrs. Custer tells a pretty story of Lincoln. It was during the War of the Rebellion, when General McClellan had sent for Mr. Lincoln

and Secretary Stanton to visit and consult with him on the battle-field. It was at night, and the dead and wounded were being carried from the field. The lanterns of the men who moved among the slain shone out like fireflies as they passed. As one stretcher came near Mr. Lincoln he heard the voice of a boy calling to his mother. His big heart was full of love in a moment, and he turned away from the officers and, stopping the carriers, knelt down beside the stretcher and asked, "What can I do for you, my poor child?" "Oh, you will do nothing for me," the boy replied. "You are a Yankee. I cannot hope that my message to my mother will ever reach her." But when he saw Mr. Lincoln's tears and listened to his kind voice he could not help but trust him, and so he gave him his good-by words for his mother down in the South. President Lincoln had them copied down and sent that very night with a flag of truce into the enemy's lines. What a window into the good man's heart that kind act was!

How often we say about a gift, or about some pleasant thing which some one says of us, that we value it because it comes from the heart.

A story is told of a German poet, named Uhland. He was a very learned but modest man, and when the King of Prussia offered to give him the badge of an order that many famous people were glad to get he declined to accept it. While the poet was explaining to his wife the reason which moved him to refuse the honor there was a knock at the door. A little peasant girl from the neighborhood entered and, presenting Mr. Uhland with a bunch of violets, said, "This is a gift from my mother." "Your mother, child!" replied the poet; "I thought she died last autumn." "That is true, Herr Uhland," said the girl; "and I begged you at the time to make a little verse for her grave, and you kindly sent me a beautiful poem. These are the first violets which have bloomed on mother's grave. I have plucked them, and

I like to think she sends them to you with her greeting." The poet's eyes moistened as he took the flowers, and, putting them in his buttonhole, he said to his wife: "There, dear woman, is not that an order more valuable than any king can give?"

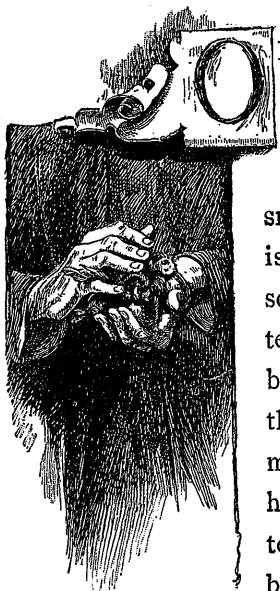
If we cherish a good heart it will make the whole life sweet and fragrant. It is said of a famous Frenchwoman, who was once a leader in the best Paris society, that she was so homely when a girl that her mother said to her one day: "My poor child, you are too ugly for any one ever to fall in love with you." It sank down deep into the little girl's heart, but instead of making her sour and bitter, as I fear it would some children, it had just the opposite effect. From this time she began to be very kind to the poor children of the village, the servants of the household, and even the birds that hopped about the garden walls. She so gave herself up to this spirit of kindness and service for others that she felt sad if a day passed without bringing a chance to help some one. This

good-will toward everybody and her constant desire to do good at last made her the idol of Paris. Tho her complexion was sallow and her gray eyes small and sunken, yet the greatest men and the noblest women of her time admired and loved her with the most ardent fidelity.

The precious thing about all this is that this grace of heart—this gentle, generous, loving interest in others, which is so fascinating, and this fragrance of a sympathetic and kindly nature, which is always so attractive—is in the reach of every one of us. Perhaps some boy or girl who has given way to harshness of speech and temper and selfishness of conduct until it seems to be first nature, will say that this is exaggerated; but it is not. Just as surely as the south winds and the long days of sunshine can melt the snow and ice and thaw out the frozen ponds, and fill the gardens and orchards and pastures and fields and forests with verdure and flowers and songs of gladness and joy, so the coming of our hearts under the lov-

ing beams of the Sun of Righteousness, the bringing our lives into prayerful fellowship with Jesus, can change our nature into a kindly and gracious climate which shall be a sweet atmosphere to everybody that breathes it.

GREAT MEN WHO WERE KIND TO LITTLE THINGS.



FTEN, I think, boys are tempted as they grow larger to be rude and rough toward animals, and harsh in their treatment of smaller children, thinking that it is manly to do so, and that it is soft and kittenish to be gentle and tender about little things. But no boy ever made a greater mistake than that. The very greatest and manliest men that have ever lived have shown their greatness by their tenderness of heart and their forbearance and kindness toward weak and helpless creatures as surely as in any other way.

A great many stories are told about Abra-

ham Lincoln's big heart, but I think one of the most touching which I have ever read is about his treatment of some little birds that had been thrown from their nests. Mr. Lincoln was riding along a country road on horseback with a number of politicians. They were passing through a thicket of wild plum-trees. A violent wind-storm had just occurred. Mr. Lincoln and another gentleman were riding behind, when they noticed two young birds by the roadside too young to fly. They had been blown from their nest by the storm. The old bird was fluttering about and making wild cries over her little helpless babies. Lincoln stopped, tied his horse to a tree, caught the birds, hunted the nest and placed them in it. The rest of the party rode on to a creek, and while their horses were drinking the gentleman who had been with Mr. Lincoln rode up. "Where is Lincoln?" asked one. "Oh," was the reply, "when I saw him last, he had two little birds in his hand hunting for their nest!" What

a splendid picture that is of the greatest American!

A similar story is told of General Robert E. Lee. He was standing one morning on a battle-field under a large tree, when a heavy shell struck very near him. "Gentlemen," said the General to the members of his staff, "the enemy have evidently got our range, and we had better retire." No one moved until the chief should set the example. The next moment another shell crashed through the top of the tree above their heads, and all followed the leader's advice except himself. He stopped. The shell had knocked down a nest full of young birds; and when the retreating officers turned and looked back they saw General Lee pick up the nest and put it carefully on one of the lower branches.

There is a story good enough to go with these told of Charles Kingsley, the great English preacher and story-writer. One Sunday morning at a church where he was to preach he was going up the pulpit stairs, when he sud-

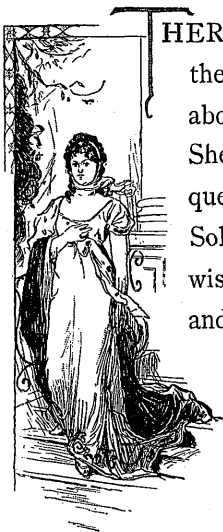
denly stooped down and, to the congregation's surprise, disappeared from view. They sat patiently, wondering what could have happened, but the preacher still did not show himself. A church official who went in search of him found Mr. Kingsley in the vestry looking closely at something which he held in the palm of his hand. It was a wounded butterfly. The little insect had strayed in from the sunshine through an open window, and, while fluttering about, had in some way injured a wing. As it lay struggling on the stairs leading up to the pulpit, the good man's quick eye detected it. His kind heart would not allow him to leave it there to be brushed aside roughly or perhaps trodden on. So he had at once carried it to a place of safety.

If we turn from these stories to the many incidents we have of gentleness and kindness to the weak on the part of the greatest man that ever lived, Jesus of Nazareth, we will see that these men were but following in His footsteps. It is not manly to be rude and rough to the weak. We should prize our strength all the

more because it gives us the power to be gracious and helpful to those who are weaker than we. That line of poetry which is so often quoted is as true as it is beautiful, and every boy should keep singing in his heart:

“The bravest are the tenderest.”

TWO STORIES ABOUT QUEENS.



HERE is a very pretty story told in the Bible, in the First Book of Kings, about a visit which the Queen of Sheba once made to Solomon. This queen had heard so many things about Solomon, about his wealth and his wisdom, that her curiosity was aroused, and she took a long trip to visit him and see whether all the stories were true. She brought with her a long train of camels loaded down with spices and gold and jewels as a rich present to Solomon, and the wise king showed her his fine house and told her all about the housekeeping, which interested her so much and pleased her so greatly that she said, "The half was not told me."

But I imagine that many of the boys and

girls will be more interested in a story about little Queen Wilhelmina, who is the girl queen of Holland. This little girl has a pretty way of playing at housekeeping. Most children like to play at housekeeping and make visits to each other in which they mimic the grown folks in making calls. Well, Queen Wilhelmina plays housekeeping in a royal way. She has a farm, with an old Dutch mansion on it built in the edge of a wood, and she superintends this farm just as if she were growing up to be an ordinary Dutch housewife. She gives the produce of her little farm to the poor and to the hospitals near by. She has a flower garden which she takes care of, just as plenty of small farmers' girls whom I know about are happy to do. There is on the farm a tiny house in the Swiss style, in which she keeps her toys, many of which she is now getting too old to play with, but she treasures them up for the sake of old times. It is on this farm that the young queen has learned to ride and drive horses and to row, and she is said to be very skilful both

with the reins and with the oars. I do not know whether she has learned to ride a bicycle or not. If she has not, I know a little girl who says, "She has lots of pleasure to learn about yet."

Every good girl is a queen, and may live in such a royal way that she will hold sway over many hearts who will bow before her gracious shrine.

SPONGING ONE'S WAY.



PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND, who was a great friend of the boys and a great favorite with them, in a book written for grown-up people, called "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," has devoted two chapters to the question of parasites. He says that parasites are the paupers of nature. They are little creatures which will not take the trouble to find their own food, but borrow or steal it from others who are more industrious.

And, indeed, there are plants as well as animals which live this lazy kind of life.

Professor Drummond tells a very interesting story about the origin of the hermit crab. The peculiarity of the hermit crab is that he

takes up his abode in the cast-off shell of some other animal, and, like old Diogenes in his tub, leads a very solitary and lonely, but often a very active, life. The crab is an animal which, from the nature of its surroundings, has a somewhat rough and dangerous career. Its days and nights are spent among the jagged rocks and boulders. Dashed about by every wave, attacked on every side by monsters of the deep, the crab has to protect itself by developing a strong, serviceable coat of mail. How best to protect themselves from their enemies has been the problem to be faced by the whole crab family since the first old Adam and Eve crabs started out at housekeeping. The majority of them have developed a strong and heroic life; but the ancestors of the hermit crab hit on what seemed to them the happy device of hiding away in the homes of the mollusks which lay around them in plenty, already built, and seemingly waiting for occupation. And so for generations it has lived sponging its home off somebody else, and, as

a result, some of its important vital organs have become entirely useless. By its cheap, lazy method of securing safety it has lost its power to help itself and to be independent.

Now, it is because there are many such hermit crabs among young men and women to-day that I tell the boys and girls this story. A lazy, sponging sort of life usually begins in childhood. Boys and girls who work hard, fight shy of laziness, and never ask anybody to do for them what they can do for themselves, always grow up to be brave and self-reliant men and women; but I never knew yet a lazy boy or girl suddenly to come to be industrious after they were grown. It is with us just as it is with crabs—if we don't exercise our faculties we lose them. It is a very mean thing to do this for many reasons, but it is especially so because God has made each one of us different from anybody else, and unless we do our best to bring out all our thoughts and build ourselves into the strongest men and women we can, we are

stealing from God some precious treasure which He has put in us.

A man who was traveling in the Alps came one evening to the door of the church in a little town. He had his knapsack and his alpenstock, and not liking to take them into the church, he said to the guide, "What shall I do with these things?"

"Put them down here on the church steps."

The church steps projected into the market-place, which at that time was full of all sorts of rough-looking people. So the traveler laughed and said: "I would much rather not put such a temptation in the way of these people."

But the guide replied: "They are not so bad as to steal from God."

So the stranger put down his knapsack and alpenstock on the church steps. Two hours after, when he came out, he found them again, and beside them some eight or ten baskets of fruit and vegetables which the market people had put there while they went in to say their prayers. Altho these things looked very tempt-

ing and were quite unguarded except by the unseen presence of God, yet they were as safe as if they had been put under lock and key.

I don't want you boys and girls to steal from God. He has given you your bright young natures, and you must work with all your might to make the best of them.

HARPS AND FLOWERS FOR MEMORIAL DAY.



IN the Old Testament we are told a very beautiful but touching story about the captive Jews who were carried away prisoners to Babylon. Many of them were musicians, and they took their harps with them, and sometimes their masters would ask them to sing their old home songs to the accompaniment of their harps. But they were so homesick and sad they could not do it; they hung their harps upon the willows beside the river and wept. There is a very pretty ending to this story, tho, which is related in the Book of Ezra, where we are told that some of these people lived out the seventy years of captivity and

were brought home from their long exile, and saw again the beautiful city of Jerusalem and the old temple rebuilt. When the foundation stone was laid for the new temple they had a great time. The story is told in one of the most beautiful passages of Bible history: "Then stood Jeshua with his sons and his brethren, Kadmiel and his sons, the sons of Judah, together, to set forward the workmen in the house of God: the sons of Henadad, with their sons and their brethren the Levites. And when the builders laid the foundation of the temple of the Lord, they set the priests in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites the sons of Asaph with cymbals, to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of David, king of Israel. And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord; because he is good, for his mercy endureth forever toward Israel. And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid. But many of the priests and Levites and chief

of the fathers who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy: so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of weeping of the people: for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off."

I have often thought of that story and how strange it must have seemed to the young folks there, to whom the foundation stone for the new church was only a thing to be glad about and to have a good time over, when they saw these old people crying about it as if their hearts would break. It seems to me very much like Memorial Day with us. To the boys and girls, and those under thirty years of age, it is a time for music and gladness, and rejoicing in our beautiful flag and our great country; but to many of the older people, while it is also a time for gladness, their joy is mixed with sorrowful reminiscences, and memory brings back many

a picture which stirs their soul and opens the fountain of tears.

Ah, boys and girls, those were stern old days when the "boys in blue" marched forth to save the Union and to keep all the stars in the old flag. I have before me a letter written by our heroic bishop, Gilbert Haven, who was then plain Chaplain "Gil" Haven from Massachusetts, telling something of the excitement of going to war in 1861. I will give you a few paragraphs which I am sure will make your blood beat quick:

"I have seen old Faneuil Hall under many excitements since my first memory of it, which, by the way, was beholding General Jackson shake hands with Boston dignitaries. . . . But Faneuil

'Saw another sight,

When the drums beat at the dead of night.'

My experience of many Methodist camps had trained me for the enjoyment of the scene, so I lay on a straw mattress under the rostrum, from whence I had heard Webster, Choate, Par-

ker, Sumner, Burlingame, and a host of others thunder, and saw the sights in which their speeches were culminating. . . . Troops marching and countermarching, upstairs and downstairs, bands playing, men whistling or singing, packing and nailing boxes, shouting orders, going through drills—every conceivable noise, melting into one mighty patriotic symphony. . . . Among the tunes were often heard the familiar songs of the camp-meeting and prayer-meeting: ‘I’m going home to die no more,’ ‘There’ll be no more sorrow there,’ ‘We’re bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me?’ mingled with ‘America’ and ‘Yankee Doodle.’ . . . The first Sabbath day’s journey ought to be chronicled. We marched through saintly Boston in the gray twilight to the tune of Yankee Doodle. All along the route cannons and bells, bands and flags and waving handkerchiefs, soldiers, and crowds upon crowds gave us a hearty hail and farewell.”

It is scenes like that which the older people remember, and many of them carry in their

hearts the picture of one of those brave young lads who went away carrying a mother's kisses, but never came back again. That is the cause of those tears which the boys and girls find it hard to understand. Let us thank God for the heroes who gave their lives for the country when it was in peril! Let us honor the veterans who are still with us, and promise God that we will be faithful to the inheritance which they have saved for us!

THE SEA-CAPTAIN'S STORY.



ONCE there was a sea-captain who, while still quite young, had given up the sea and settled on a neat little village farm where he took care of his mother. He was so good and kind to her, and seemed so anxious that she should have a good time, that all the neighbors spoke about it, and liked him because of it. There were some boys in the neighborhood that never lost a chance to spend an hour with the captain and listen to the stories he would tell them about the strange countries he had visited.

One day when the boys were with him he said: "Boys, I've been trying every day for two

years to straighten out furrows— and I can't do it!"

The boys turned to look at the well-kept farm.

"Oh," said he, "I didn't mean that kind of furrows. When I was about the age of you boys I made my mother a good deal of trouble. She used to coax and pray and punish, and do the best she could, and was always patient with me. My father was dead, and so my naughty ways were all the harder for her. I knew it was troubling her and making her look anxious and old. After a while I ran away and went to sea, and at first I had a hard time, but finally I got along and came to be captain of a ship. Finally I made my home in a foreign land. My dear, patient mother wrote me beautiful letters all these years. At last I determined to come home and try to make up to her for being so bad when I was a boy. And how glad she was when I got home! My mother is not a very old lady, boys, but the first thing I noticed was the whiteness of her hair and the deep furrows

on her brow. I knew I had caused those furrows, and I have been trying to straighten them out. But last night when she was asleep I looked to see if they were gone, and tho she looked happy, the furrows were still there."

When the captain stopped speaking Jimmie Hollis lifted his hat and said: "Guess I'll go and chop some wood mother spoke of; I'd most forgotten," and little Billie Bowles jumped up, saying: "Wait, and I'll go with you, Jimmie, for I've got some errands to do."

The best way to get the furrows out of father's or mother's face is never to let them grow there. One of the saddest stories in the Bible is the one that is told about Absalom, who stole the hearts of the people away from his father David, and made the furrows come on his father's face. He came to a bad end, as such boys so often do. It always helps a boy along when he wants a place in business if it is known that he has been a kind and good son to his parents. A good son will usually be a faithful friend and an honest man.

JEWELS FOR THE KING.



ONE of the most beautiful stories connected with the birth of Jesus, a story which we read over every Christmas-time, is that of the three wise men who came from the East because they had seen the strange, new star, following it till it stood over the manger in Bethlehem where they found Mary with her newborn babe, the infant Jesus, and presented to Him their presents of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Every good boy and girl has many desires to do something that will please Jesus, and many wish they might find Him at Christmas-time and give the dear Lord some precious gift which would show their love for Him.

A little before Christmas last year Dr. Van Dyke published a very sweet book which he called "The Other Wise Man," in which he tells us the best way to bestow our gifts upon Christ. The story is so beautiful, and I am so afraid the grown-up people forgot to tell it to you, that I will condense it for you now.

Dr. Van Dyke says that at the time when Jesus was about to be born there was another wise man who had been writing letters to the three whom the Bible tells us about, and he also was watching for the coming of the King. If the new star appeared again, this other wise man, whose name was Artaban, was to make a ten days' journey and meet the three at a certain temple, and go with them across the desert to Jerusalem. He sold his house and all his goods and bought with them three jewels—a sapphire, a ruby, and a pearl—to carry as a gift to the King.

Finally, one morning, he saw the Star of Bethlehem, and with the jewels in his girdle he mounted his beautiful Arabian horse and rode

away. But as he was on his last day's journey, after nightfall, he came upon a poor sick man lying in the road, nearly dead. And he stayed by him, and doctored him with some medicines he had, until in the morning the man was able to thank him, and go into the city. Then Artaban rode on to the temple where he was to meet his friends, but he found that by staying to help the sick man he had missed them, and the caravan had gone on across the desert without him. They had left a letter for him, tho, under a pile of rocks in front of the temple, in which they said: "We go to find the King. Follow us across the desert."

Artaban had to go into the city near by and sell his beautiful sapphire to get men to fit out a caravan to take him safely across the desert, where he might lay his ruby and his pearl at the feet of the King. He traveled as fast as he could and came to the little town of Bethlehem only three days behind them. He entered a low stone cottage, where he heard the sound of a woman's voice singing softly, and found a young

mother hushing her baby to sleep. She told him of the strangers from the far East who had appeared in the village only three days ago, and how they had worshiped the little child Jesus and given Him many rich gifts; but that now Joseph had taken Mary and the child away into Egypt for fear of Herod.

Suddenly while they were talking they heard a great noise in the street and a woman running by shouted in at the door, "The soldiers! The soldiers of Herod! They are killing our children!"

The young mother's face grew white with terror, and she crouched down in the darkest corner of the room trying to hide her little baby boy. Artaban went to the door, and as the soldiers rushed up he held his hand out with the wonderful ruby shining in his palm, and said: "I am waiting to give this jewel to the prudent captain who will leave me in peace."

The captain seized it greedily, and cried: "March on. There is no child here! The house is still!"

Thirty-three years passed by, and Artaban had come to Jerusalem. He was worn and weary, and ready to die, but was still looking for the King. The day when Jesus was crucified he overheard some people talking about one who was to be put to death because he claimed to be "King of the Jews," and his heart was in his throat as he rushed toward the place, hoping to arrive in time to offer his pearl as a ransom for Jesus.

Just then some wicked soldiers came down the street with a poor girl whom they were carrying away to worse than slavery. She begged Artaban to have mercy on her. He took out his pearl and laid it in the hand of the wretched girl and said: "This is thy ransom, daughter. It is the last of my treasures, which I kept for the King."

As he spoke the earthquake came, and the city reeled and shook. The soldiers fled. A heavy tile from a roof fell and struck the old man on the temple. The young girl lifted his head up, and as she bent over him she heard a

sweet voice, as if it came from heaven, but she could not make out the words. The old man's lips began to move in answer, and she heard him say: "Not so, my Lord. For when saw I thee an hungered, and fed thee, or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger, and took thee in, or naked, and clothed thee? When saw I thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? Three and thirty years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face, nor ministered to thee, my King!"

He ceased, and the sweet voice came again, but this time the girl understood the words: "Verily I say unto thee, Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

THE LITTLE EGG-GIRL.



EVERYBODY likes to hear stories that tell of courage, whether in men and women or in boys and girls. People generally suppose that boys are more likely to be brave, but sometimes a little girl shows as much courage as anybody.

Miss Eliza S. Quincy had recently told a very interesting story of a brave little girl who showed her courage in the time of the Revolutionary War.

Colonel Tallmadge commanded a detachment of dragoons in 1777, and was stationed halfway between Philadelphia, the British headquarters, and Valley Forge,

where General Washington was encamped with the American army. He received orders one day to go to a little tavern just outside of the British line, where a young girl, who had been in the enemy's camp, would meet him and give him valuable papers.

Colonel Tallmadge and a few men rode to the tavern. He alighted, and, going up to the porch, was met by a smiling, pretty little country girl of fifteen, in a sunbonnet, carrying a basket of eggs, which she offered to him for sale. He saw the papers beneath the eggs, and, pretending to joke with her, managed to secure them unseen. At that moment one of his men dashed into the house shouting,

"The British! The British!"

Tallmadge ran out, to see a large body of the enemy's mounted troops coming at full speed. He leaped upon his horse, calling to his men to fly, when the poor little spy fell upon her knees, crying:

"They will kill me. They know I did it! Don't leave me!"

"They will kill me if I stay here," cried the colonel, but he held his horse still a moment.

"Can you ride?" he said.

"Yes; an ox—anything, to get away," she replied.

"Jump up behind me. Hold by my sword," said the colonel.

She scrambled up, and he put spurs to his horse and followed his men. The British gained on them and fired volley after volley, which Tallmadge and his troop of dragoons would return, wheeling and firing, and then letting their horses run again as fast as they could.

The bullets whizzed around the little egg-seller, who clung closer to the sword-belt, gasping out, "Don't mind me. Fire again!"

She escaped unhurt. Colonel Tallmadge rode with her that day to Germantown, and left her in her own home, which I suspect she was very glad to see again.

We all need courage in this world, and life is often compared to a battle. The Bible says we shall all have to fight the good fight of faith,

and there will be many times when we shall need some strong place to which we may fly for safety. The best place we can go to in a time like that, when we are tempted and the devil's arrows fly about us, is to God, who has promised to take care of us. Solomon says: "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe."

A PAIR OF GOOD SAMARITANS.

I HAVE recently heard of two kind-hearted beings that seemed to have the same feeling toward anything in distress that the good Samaritan whom Jesus tells us about had for the poor man who fell among thieves.



One of these, strange to say, was a white dog which came out from a stoneyard in New York city one night, and ran barking to a policeman who happened to be passing, and then ran back. This he repeated two or three times, until the policeman was interested to see how the dog would give his bark and then bound back into the yard. He concluded at last to see what the dog was trying to do. He followed him into the yard, and the dog ran up to a place

where a little white bundle was lying on the ground. The policeman struck a match, and by its light the little white bundle proved to be a baby. The policeman picked it up, almost afraid the dog would bite him; but, instead, he wagged his tail, as much as to say: "I am glad you have got some sense; that is just what I wanted you to do." The dog trotted along by the side of the policeman until they came to the station-house. When he stopped, the dog wagged his tail and looked up into his face, and when he went into the station-house the dog followed, seemingly listened to what he said, and, when the door was opened, walked out. Evidently the little baby was a stranger to the dog. He had found it in this lonely place and had done what he could to have it cared for.

The other good Samaritan was a little news-boy in Dayton, Ohio. A reporter came along and saw him seated on a grating in the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement kitchen below. He had something beside him covered up with a dirty, rag-

ged old handkerchief, and as the reporter paused he cautioned:

"Look out, now; don't hurt him."

"What is it?"

He lifted the handkerchief with the greatest care, and there on one of the iron bars, huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow, just able to fly.

"Where did you get him?"

"In the street out there. Got so cold he was tuckered."

"What will you do with him?"

"Get him good and warm and let him go. He is such a little feller, he orter have a fair show."

"And he shall," said the reporter.

The man added his efforts to Jack's, and after a few minutes the bird began moving about in a lively manner and giving vent to his satisfaction in a series of chirps. Jack lifted him, gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for the top of a tree.

"He's all right now, Jack."

"Yes, 'cause he's had a boost. Boys kin git along most anyhow," said Jack, as he shivered in the cold blast sweeping up from the river. "But birds are such little fellers that we've got to sort o' h'ist and tote 'm round now and then. He's all right now, and we're all right, and good-by to ycu."

"Good-by, Jackie," the reporter said, lifting his hat as the tattered little gentleman flew around the corner.

Now the dog in the first story was just a common street dog, probably one of the kind that some boys would think it great fun to tease, or to send frightened down the street with a tin pail tied to his tail. And this little boy with the sparrow was only a poor ragged newsboy that some people might think of no importance. But both were heroes, and set a good example for the whole world to follow.

If we are on the lookout for them, we shall find a great many opportunities to speak kind words or do helpful deeds that will make the world a far happier place for some who have not

the strength or good things which we have. If we are on the lookout for such chances to help anybody who is having a hard time, we shall live not only very useful but very happy lives ourselves. The Bible tells us, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Amos R. Wells has a little poem on "The Lucky Four-leaved Clover," which will be good for the boys and girls to commit to memory:

" 'Why is the four-leaved clover more lucky than the three?'

I questioned Master Greedy, and thus he answered me:

'It's because the four-leaved clover so crafty is and bold,
It has an extra hand, sir, to grasp the sunshine gold.'

" 'Why is the four-leaved clover more lucky than the three?'

I questioned Master Generous, and thus he answered me:

'It's because the four-leaved clover so kindly is and gay,
It has an extra hand, sir, to give its gold away.' "

FOX AND VIXEN.



A FOX is a very cunning animal, and knows how to pick out a good hiding-place from the dogs that are his enemies. Some men went out in the woods fox-hunting one day with a pack of dogs. The dogs had been tracking a fox, but came to a large pond in the forest, where there were a great many logs lying in the water, and some trees still standing in the middle of the pond. Here the dogs lost the track of the fox and went smelling around the edge of the water, not knowing which way to go.

While the men, as well as the dogs, were wondering where the fox had gone, they heard a

fox bark quite near to them, and, peering about everywhere, they saw a big red fox lying on a bent tree, about twenty feet above the water. The cunning rascal had gone across the pond on the logs and climbed this tree, and while the dogs were hunting for him he jerked his big tail up and down, and every little while gave a short bark, to show his contempt for them.

Where he was the dogs could not find him nor get near him. After a time the men saw his vixen, for that is what they call a lady fox, seated on another log, and they were both watching the dogs, and seemed to think it was great fun. But when one of the men crept around on the other side of the pond, where the fox could smell the man, his tail stiffened in a moment. He sniffed and sniffed, then stole like a red shadow down the tree and across the pond, leaping from log to log as lightly as a bird. Behind him chased the vixen, and both of them took to the solid ground at a point farthest from where the hounds were working.

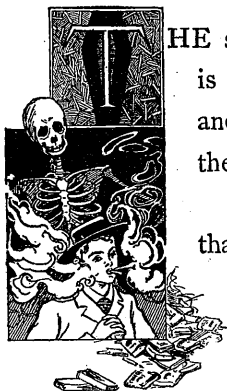
The men remained quiet and watched the

dogs. They worked slowly around the pond till they reached the place where the foxes had touched the ground, when away they went, making the woods roar with their barking.

The men waited, and in a few moments they saw the vixen sneaking back on the logs to the place where she had started. The old fox was trying to lead the dogs away from their home, while she lurked near the den where her cubs were hid.

Boys and girls are like foxes in that there are many dogs that hunt after them and try to destroy them. But they do not need to depend on their own cunning to escape these doglike temptations to sin, for the Lord has promised that He will be their refuge, and if they will run to Him in prayer He will always keep them safe. David said to God, and perhaps he wrote it just after he had seen a fox that had been chased running into his hole in the mountain-side: "Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."

SAMSON GRINDING IN THE MILL.



THE story of the young life of Samson is one of the prettiest and brightest, and the story of his later life one of the saddest, to be found in the Bible.

What a brave young fellow he is that day in the vineyards of Timnath!

While his father and mother are resting he goes away for a little walk by himself. A young lion flies out at him roaring. Instead

of running, he seizes the beast and tears it in pieces with the strength that God gives him. And how modest he is! When he goes back he does not say anything about his adventure to his father and mother; perhaps he fears it may frighten them; so he goes on his way as if nothing had happened.

And then a little while later we see him passing that way again, and he goes back to the place where he had slain the lion, and, to his astonishment, he finds the hot sun has dried out the lion's carcass, and a swarm of wild bees have made their home there and are fast filling it with delicious honey. This is a rare treat for a hungry fellow, and after eating what he wants, he comes back with his hands full for his father and mother.

But this young Hebrew giant, who had a good home, a good father and mother, and a fair start every way, turned out bad in the end because he tampered with sin and played with it, thinking he could do as he pleased, until evil habit got the mastery over him; and the Philistines captured him, and, after they had put out his eyes, kept him for their slave and made him grind in the mill.

What a fearful illustration this is of the way habit comes to control one, until one is no longer

his own master! The wise man of old truly said: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

I have seen somewhere the story of a horse that had been used in a brickyard to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was at this business nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture and left to crop the grass with no one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning, after grazing a while, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the old horse to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no need of it. It was the force of habit. And the boy or girl who forms bad or good habits in youth will be led by them when

he or she becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

Here is a story which ought to interest a boy who has been envying some young fellow his cigarette. Woerishoffer, one of the most brilliant and daring of American millionaires, was only a few years ago killed by the cigarette. He began his life in poverty, then he became a clerk, and finally a large speculator. For twenty years he was engaged in the heaviest financial battles of modern times. But this smart, strong, successful man met his fate when he drifted into the habit of cigarette-smoking. At the last, for several years, he smoked fifty cigarettes a day. He knew his danger, for head, heart, stomach, and nerves protested against the deadly little cigarette. But Woerishoffer smiled and said he would give it up when he liked, and not before. Soon his heart became like a big sponge, saturated with nicotin, and he was really alarmed when he found that he could not give up the cigarette. He went to a famous doctor, and said: "You shall have \$50,000 if

you will save me from the cigarette." The physician worked hard, but it was of no use. The big man, who tossed money-kings about like babies, lay crushed beneath a little rice-paper pigmy.

THE SUMMER BOARDER.



KINDNESS is always a beautiful thing, whether we see it in men and women and children, or in animals and birds. Rev. Henry Jessup, a missionary in Turkey, tells a story about kindness in storks, those long-legged birds that spend their summers in Germany and build their nests on the roofs of houses. Every spring and autumn large flocks of these birds soar over the land—on their way to the north in the spring and back to the south in the fall. The storks fly very high in the air, ten or fifteen times as high as the tallest church steeple in the city, but the attraction of gravitation all the time pulls

them down to the earth. When they get close to the earth they stop, and circle round and round, mounting upward in a spiral curve, until they have again reached the desired height, when they go on their way.

One spring, as the birds were passing over the country, one, too weak to keep up with his companions, came tumbling down into the yard of the missionary's house. The children ran out to see the strange bird, and fed and petted it just as the little white-haired German children do up in its northern home. It was treated so kindly that it did not try to get away, but stayed with them for many months and became a great pet.

When autumn came, and the flocks of birds began their flight to the south, passing over the missionary's house, the stork took no notice of them at first. Three or four large flocks had gone by, when another came and stopped. One of the birds flew down and alighted in the yard, and for nearly ten minutes the two storks put their bills together, and seemed to have a nice

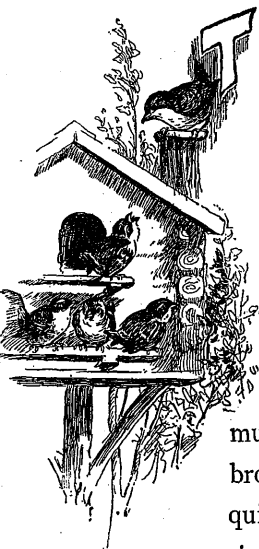
friendly chat. Then the stranger began to circle upward, the children's pet followed, and the two joined the flock. The little boys and girls watched the birds sadly as their white wings carried them farther and farther away, till the whole flock became a mere speck in the bright blue sky, and at last disappeared.

The children had been kind to the stork all summer long; but how kind were the other storks to remember for months not only that a weak, tired-out bird of their flock had been left behind, but to remember the very spot in a strange country where it had dropped, and on their way back to pause and look it up and take it with them to their southern home for the winter.

There is a pretty little story about kindness told of David. Just after the death of Saul David went up to Hebron to live. The men of Judah had come to anoint him king. Not far off, in Jabesh-gilead, there lived some men who had loved Saul very much, and when Saul was dead they had shown kindness to his poor body

and buried it. When David came up there to live close to them, I expect they were afraid at first, and thought David would be angry with them for showing such respect and love for Saul. But every brave, generous heart likes to see kindness everywhere, and David thought all the more of these men because they had remained true to Saul, and treated him with respect after he was dead. So, that they might be sure that he was not vexed with them about it, he sent some of his soldiers to say to them: "Blessed be ye of the Lord, that ye have shewed this kindness unto your lord, even unto Saul, and have buried him. And now the Lord shew kindness and truth unto you: and I also will requite you this kindness, because ye have done this thing."

WREN STORIES.



HE wren is a modest little bird, but she is as true-hearted and faithful to her duties as tho she were larger and more showy. I once heard Julia Ward Howe and Lucy Stone, two famous women, having a pleasant chat together about which one should preside at a public meeting, when Mrs. Stone said: "You must preside, for I am only a plain brown wren;" to which Mrs. Howe quickly answered: "If I remember rightly, the brown wren has a very sweet song of her own."

A musical journal tells the story of a wren which built her nest in a little bird box on a New Jersey farm. The people who lived in the farm-

house were greatly pleased one day to see the old mother wren giving her gawky little brood of young ones their first music lesson. She made them all keep still while she sat in front of them, and sang her whole song through very sweetly. Then one of the young wrens tried to sing just as she did; but he only got along a few notes before his voice broke and he lost the tune. The mother wren began at the place where the young one broke down and went through with the rest of the song. The young bird was a plucky fellow, and he tried again, commencing where he had stopped before, and this time went nearly through. When he lost the tune, the mother began where he stopped, and repeated it. Then the young bird started in and finished the tune. The old mother wren, with all the patience of a music-teacher, then began at the first, and sang the whole song through again, and another young bird started in to follow her. She went on in this way until all four of her children could sing the tune through without failing.

On one occasion, when there was a war in England, an army had been marching all day, and at night the soldiers were so tired that they all lay down to sleep when they should have left a guard on the watch for the enemy. Among the soldiers was a little drummer boy, whose eyes, like those of the men, were fast shut. Just before he fell asleep he had been eating his rations, and some crumbs of bread had dropped on the head of his drum. A little wren, perched overhead in one of the trees, saw these crumbs, and, as soon as the little boy was asleep, flew down to eat them. As she hopped about on the drum, the tapping of her beak awakened the little drummer. He opened his eyes and was startled to see the enemy advancing. Quickly he beat the signal of alarm which roused the soldiers, and put them on their defense. They won the battle; but when it was over King William III. said that it was the little wren that won the victory. So, you see, a modest little bird, that never thought of fighting anybody, can do a great deal of good

sometimes, by just going on her own pretty way.

I think a wren is like the pleasant words which Solomon speaks about, when he says, "Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones." Many times little boys and girls can do a great deal of good without knowing it by simply being good-humored and pleasant about what they do.



SOME BIBLE DREAMS.

SOME of the stories in the Bible which the girls and boys like the best are about dreams.

Once when Jacob was a young man, and was going away from home on a long journey, he lay down at night very lonesome and tired, with his head on a rock for a pillow, and fell asleep. While he slept he dreamed that he saw a long stairway reaching from heaven down to the earth where he lay. And he saw a great many angels coming down and going up the stairs. While he enjoyed the beauty of the scene the Lord spoke to him, and prom-

ised him that if he would obey Him and do right He would be his God, and would bless him and care for him. When Jacob awoke the next morning and found it was only a dream he was greatly encouraged by it, and built an altar to the Lord there. That dream had a great effect on all Jacob's life.

Perhaps Joseph inherited his dreaming habit from his father Jacob. At any rate, he was a great dreamer. When he was only a boy he dreamed that he was out in the field with his father and his brothers binding sheaves at harvest time, and the sheaf which he bound stood upright, and all the other sheaves bowed down before his. Then he dreamed another dream, that the sun and the moon and eleven stars bowed down before him. When he told these dreams it made his brothers very angry, and they hated him, and the first chance they had they sold him to be a slave in Egypt.

When Joseph was in the prison in Egypt it was a dream which saved all the land in time of famine; but this time it was the king's dream.

King Pharaoh dreamed one night that he stood by the river, and seven fat cattle came up out of the water and fed in a meadow. Pretty soon afterward seven lean cattle came up out of the water and ate up the seven fat cattle. The king wondered what the dream meant, and when he fell asleep again he dreamed that he saw seven large ears of corn come out upon one stalk, and then seven thin ears that had been blasted spring from the same stalk, and the seven thin ears ate up the seven good ears. When the wise men of Egypt could not tell the king what his dreams meant, his chief butler remembered how Joseph had told him the meaning of a dream when he was in prison; and when the king sent for Joseph he told Pharaoh that the dreams were a warning from God, that after seven plentiful years in Egypt there would be seven years of famine, which would eat up all the corn they could save up. So Joseph came to be a great man in Egypt.

Solomon, too, had a splendid dream just after he came to be king in the place of David

his father. He was very young, and wondered how he was going to get along and be wise enough to settle all the questions that came before him as king. While he was thinking about it he fell asleep, and he dreamed that the Lord appeared to him and asked what he would like Him to do for him; and Solomon said that tho he had been made king yet he was only a child, and did not know how to act, and asked for wisdom, so that he would always be able to know which was right and which was wrong, and be a good king. The Lord was so pleased with this request that He promised not only to make Solomon the wisest man that ever lived, but to make him very rich and powerful as well.

If we try to be good more than anything else, God will bring our best dreams true, and do even better for us than our dreams.

SOME STRANGE FRIENDS.



M R. ANDREW LANG tells some very interesting stories about how some kinds of animals which are supposed to be natural enemies to each other may be trained to be friends. He once knew a cat and a mouse that played together. When tired, the mouse ran back to his hole.

A lady who was very fond of animals owned a fine dog. One day she brought home a cat. War was declared at once between the cat and the dog; some one had to be on guard all the time to protect the cat. At last the lady decided that they must be taught to live in peace. She made them know each other, and in less

than a month they became friendly enough not to watch each other; and in three months' time they took their regular meals out of the same dish. Just at this time a friend gave the lady a canary. The bird, then, must be guarded from the cat. As the cat had gone freely about the house it was not an easy thing to remember to shut the doors and to see where the cat was before a door was opened. The lady then determined that bird and cat must live in harmony. She succeeded so well that at last the cat, the dog, and the bird would drink from the same dish, and it was not an unusual thing to see the cat sleeping with the bird standing on her head.

I once owned a dog and a cat that were such great friends that at the close of a summer vacation I sent them by express in the same box from Silver Creek, N. Y., to Boston, a distance of over five hundred miles. While they were waiting to be put aboard the train in the express office the dog was lying down and the cat was curled up asleep, with its head on the dog's shoulder, to the great amusement and astonish-

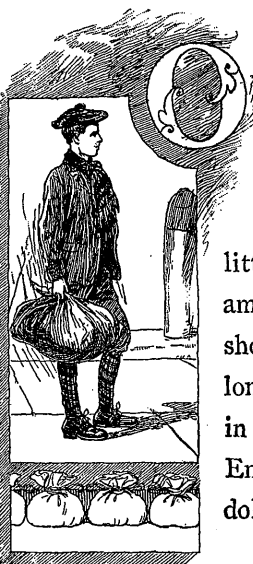
ment of many people gathered about. They went through all right and were as good friends as ever after their journey.

In one of these stories you will read about a cat that adopted a little squirrel and brought him up just the same as her kittens. I have also heard of a cat which adopted a tiny puppy whose mother had died. The cat had five kittens. The puppy was put in the box with the kittens while the mother cat was away. When she came back she discovered the little orphan at once. She was very much interested, but soon nestled down with a contented little "meow" and purr, and seemed to love the new member of the family as well as the older ones. One day, in jumping into the box, she jumped on the pup, and he barked. She sprang from the box badly scared, her tail like a great plume over her back. She looked all around, but not seeing any dog she got back into the box and settled down to rest. Whether he did it just for fun or not I do not know, but the old cat had scarcely got to sleep when Master Pup gave

another queer little bark. The cat family were in an uproar at once; mother and kittens were in a state of wild excitement. The lack of fear on the part of the pup seemed to arouse the old cat's suspicions, and she boxed his ears; whereupon he barked again. She saw through it at once then, and her tail came down to the regular size. In some mother-cat way she told the kittens that it was their funny little dog brother that had made all the noise, and that they were in no danger. From that day on the pup barked to his heart's content, but the kittens were not alarmed at it any more.

There is no more interesting study for boys and girls than the habits of these creatures which God has made to live in the world with us. The Bible says that Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived, took a great deal of interest in such things. "He spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

A SCOTCH BOY'S PLUCK.



NE raw, foggy morning, a good many years ago, when they used to land the poor emigrants who came over in the steerage at Castle Garden, in New York, a little Scotch boy named Sandy was among the crowd which stepped on shore. Sandy was feeling pretty lonesome. He did not have a friend in all America, and had only one English gold-piece, worth about five dollars, in his pocket.

One of the men who had talked with him on the ship coming over saw the rather sad look in the boy's face, and said: "Well, Sandy, don't you wish that you were safe now with your mother in old Scotland?"

But Sandy was a plucky little fellow, and he crowded down the sob in his throat, and answered, as brave as he could: "No; I promised her when I left that I would be fearless and honest. I have her fortune to make, as well as my own, and I must have good courage."

Now, standing close to Sandy was one of New York's great lawyers, who was also a Scotchman, and who, needing an office boy, had come down that morning on purpose to look about among the newcomers and see if he could find a Scotch boy that suited him. And so, when he heard Sandy's answer, he spoke up so suddenly that it made the boy start, and inquired, "Well, laddie, what can you do?"

Sandy was surprised, but he answered quick as a flash: "I can be loyal and true to anybody who will give me something to do."

The answer and the clear, honest eyes pleased the old lawyer, and he asked him to tell his story.

It was a short story. His mother had been left a widow without money, and had worked

hard for her boy as long as she could; but when she saw her health was failing, she bought his ticket to America, and said to him: "Go and make your fortune. Be fearless and honest, and don't forget your mother, who can not work for you any longer."

The lawyer engaged him as an office boy, and told him to write to his mother that he had found a friend who would give him a chance to show what there was in him, and who would stand by him as long as he was fearless and honest.

Sandy made a good office-boy, and was so anxious to please and help, and used his evenings so well in the night-schools, that a few years later he was head clerk in the office. The first thing he did then was to send for his mother. How proud she must have been of him when he said to her: "You have made my fortune, and I can not have luck without you."

To-day Sandy is one of our noted lawyers. He has won his way because he was fearless and honest.

The Lord told Samuel to say to David: "I

took thee from the sheepcote, from following the sheep, to be ruler over my people." If David had not been fearless and honest when he was with the sheep, the Lord never would have taken him to rule over men. But one day when a lion and a bear came and tried to carry off one of David's lambs, plucky little David, instead of running home and crying, fought the wild animals and saved his lamb. If we are fearless and honest in little things, then the Lord will trust us with great things.



FOR HIS FATHER'S SAKE.

ARK GUY PEARSE, the English preacher, who is very popular with boys and girls because he knows how to tell good stories, had been away from home going to school when he was a boy, and when vacation time came, as he was on his way home, he found himself on the boat without money enough to pay for his ticket. But when the purser (the man who sells tickets on a boat) found out his name and who his father was, he gave the boy his ticket and a little spending money besides. He said he did so because when he was a boy Mr. Pearse's father had been very kind to him, and he had made up his mind that if he ever had a chance to do a good turn to one of Mr. Pearse's chil-

dren he would do it. When the boy got home he said to his father: "I have found out to-day that it is a fine thing to have a good father."

In the life of David there is a beautiful story about his kindness to a poor lame man because his father was David's friend when they were young men together. Jonathan was the best friend David ever had, and when Saul was envious of David, because the people praised him so much, Jonathan risked his own life to save David from being killed by Saul. A long while afterward, Jonathan and Saul were both killed in a battle on Mount Gilboa, and the Philistines hunted for all the children of the family of Saul and Jonathan that they might put them to death. Now there was in Jonathan's home a bright little boy, five years old, and when somebody came running from the battle with the news that Jonathan, the little boy's father, was dead, and that the wicked soldiers were coming to kill his son, his nurse picked him up and started to run away with him. But in her hurry she stumbled and let the little fellow fall,

and he was hurt so badly in his feet that he was lame as long as he lived. Very likely, if they had had as good doctors as we have now, he might have been cured. This little boy grew up quietly in the house of a man named Machir, and most people forgot all about him and thought he was dead, but when David came to be king over the whole country, and all his enemies were put down so that he lived in his palace in peace, he fell to thinking one day about old times, and about Jonathan, and what a good friend he was, and how much he owed to him, and he made inquiries to find out if any of Jonathan's family were left alive that he might be kind to them. And when he learned about this lame boy, who had grown now to be a man with a long name—Mephibosheth—he sent for him, and had him live with him in the palace and eat at his table every day. No doubt this poor lame man, who had been so forgotten, when he came now to be honored felt, like the English boy, "It is a fine thing to have a good father." And so it is!

SOME SQUIRRELS I HAVE KNOWN.

THE most of the squirrels with which I have been well acquainted, as it happens, have been the large gray squirrels, with big bushy tails, which usually make their home in a hollow tree.



A few years ago I lived in the historic old town of Dedham, Mass., in a large old-fashioned house, which stood in the midst of a grove of perhaps a dozen great trees. One of these trees was a walnut, one was a beech, four were hickory, and the rest were oaks. They all bore nuts of some sort, and furnished good feeding-ground for squirrels; but none of them had any hollow limbs or openings in which a squirrel could find a place for a nest.

But long before I came to the house some squirrels had found a way into the attic by a hole underneath the roof. To get to it they had to follow out a long limb that overreached the roof, then jump on the roof and slip down under the edge to their little doorway into the attic. This attic was entirely finished off from the rest of the house, so that when once they were there no one would disturb them. Here the squirrels had made their home for a long time, and there were probably a dozen of them when I lived there.

These squirrels had never been disturbed by people living in the house, and they were very tame. Along in February and March they used to come down and jump about over the patches of snow to some bare spot under a tree and dig into the ground to where they had put away nuts or acorns the summer before. Sometimes they would sit and eat them there, and at other times they would fill the pockets upon each side of their head with the nuts and

scamper up home, where they probably had a picnic together.

We had two young St. Bernard dogs, great big fellows, and the squirrels were very much frightened about them at first; but when they saw that we would not let the dogs bark at them or chase them, they soon got as well acquainted with the dogs as they were with us, and would come down and play about on the ground within a few feet of them. They knew very well when we had company, and if a strange man or woman or dog was about the place the squirrels kept out of sight. As soon as they left, the squirrels would come down and scamper about, as much as to say, "The strangers have gone, now we will have a good time."

In the summer-time there were several baby squirrels, and the mothers had a hard time teaching them how to get down to the ground from their lofty home. Two or three times in trying to leap from the roof to the branch of the tree, the little fellows made a bad jump and came sprawling clear to the ground. But it

did not seem to hurt them much, and they could soon dart from one limb to another better than the old ones.

One day a little squirrel, seeing the front door standing open, came into the hall and ran into my study where I was writing. He looked at me and looked around at all the books and papers, and seemed to think that it was the stuffiest place he had ever seen. I invited him to stay, but he rushed out of the door so fast he almost made his tail crack like a whip.

I know another little squirrel—that is, he was little once, but he is very big now—that was caught when he was a little baby in the woods and brought home and given to the cat to take care of. You would naturally suppose that after a cat had taken care of a squirrel it would not be worth much; but this was a nice old mother cat, who had some little kittens, and they took the kittens away and gave her this little squirrel instead for a baby. I suppose the old cat thought he was lonely, too, and she adopted him and nursed him till he got big

enough to crack nuts and get along by himself. Nippers, for that is his name, thought a great deal of her, and led her a jolly life.

The care which God, their Father and ours, has taken to make squirrels beautiful and graceful; the sharp tools He has given them in their teeth, so that they are able to open the nuts and find food for themselves; the cunning little brain which He has put in their tiny heads, so that they know enough to lay away nuts to feed on in the winter; the handy little pockets on either side of the jaw to carry their food to some safe place where they may hide it; the warm coat of fur with which He clothes them, which is thin and airy in the summer and gets thick and close as winter draws near—all these things show us how kind and thoughtful our Heavenly Father is about all the creatures He has made.

If God has been so kind to the squirrels and so thoughtful about them, you may be sure He will take care of you; for each little boy and girl is of more value than many squirrels.

The Lord will take care of those that trust Him. When David was turning over the throne to Solomon he said to him: "Now, my son, the Lord be with thee. . . . The Lord give thee wisdom and understanding, . . . that thou mayest keep the law of the Lord thy God; then shalt thou prosper."

HOW A GREEDY SNAKE CAME TO GRIEF.



MAN residing in Visalia, Cal., writes to a San Francisco paper an interesting story about a big bull snake which he captured in the mountains.

This species of snake, which is quite common on the Pacific coast, grows sometimes to be quite large, but is entirely harmless to human beings.

The Californian, being something of a naturalist, set himself to work to tame the snake, and, having a good deal of spare time on his hands, was able to teach Slippery Dick—the name he gave his strange pet—many tricks. He taught him to come at call, to coil up, and to wave his folds about in

imitation of dancing. He would coil up on the table, his head in the center of the coil, elevated about six inches in the air. The gentleman would place the handle of a small fan in his mouth, and then the snake would gently wave the fan to and fro, and thus keep the flies from his master's face.

He was as good as a cat to keep the old log-house free from mice. He often brought in ten or twelve in a day. His fondness for mice was his ruin. It happened in this way: One day the gentleman missed Slippery Dick, and tho he hunted and called all day, he could not find any trace of his pet. About a week after his disappearance, having occasion to explore the loft of the cabin in which he lived, he came across the remains of his old friend. Apparently, he had been more mouse-hungry than usual, and in his haste to satisfy his appetite had swallowed a live mouse, which killed him. Poor Dick! how surprised he must have been at such a result. It was a case of reward

for gluttony. No doubt he repented when it was too late.

Now the doctors tell us that as the live mouse gnawed the life out of the snake, so strong drink gnaws at the vitals of the boy or the man who drinks it. It does not always kill its victim as quick as the mouse did Slippery Dick, but it gnaws away until it brings him down in disease and drunkenness and despair.

The Bible says, "The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty," and there are more boys and girls whose lives are sad and sorrowful because of father's or mother's intemperance than for any other cause. But those who are already drunkards will soon die off, and if all the boys and girls would vow to keep their bodies clean and pure, and grow up total-abstainers, this gnawing beast of intemperance would soon starve to death. What a happy world this would be then!

ILLUMINATED BIRDS.



ONE of the most entertaining things in the country on a summer night is to watch the fireflies, whose little torches come and go in a most interesting way. These strange little creatures have been given the power to emit phosphorescent light from organs in some parts of their bodies. In tropical countries the fireflies grow to be very much larger than they do with us. In South America and the West Indies there is a species of firefly which emits so much light that it is sometimes used to light the houses. Instead of an oil lamp or tallow candle, such as we find here, one may see a dish or jar with a dozen of these large fireflies in it. The light afforded is sufficient to read and write by. The poet

Tennyson has immortalized the firefly in two very pretty lines :

" Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,

Glitter like a swarm of *fireflies* tangled in a silver braid."

Sportsmen have related a great many stories about luminous birds. A gentleman in Florida states that on one occasion he distinctly saw a light moving about among a flock of cranes, and drew near enough to them to become satisfied that the light was upon the breast of one of the large birds. Another gentleman says that upon entering a heron rookery he observed lights moving about among the birds. Herons often have this light-producing apparatus. It is a sort of powder on the breast of the bird. On turning up the long feathers on a heron's breast one will find a patch of yellow greasy material that sometimes drops off or fills the feathers in the form of a yellow powder. This powder becomes phosphorescent and flashes light in the darkness.

But cranes and herons are not the only

birds which sometimes carry their own lamps. There is a bird in the Island of Madagascar called kirumbo, which has a large patch of this phosphorescent powder on each side of the rump. The bitterns also have two pairs of these patches; and the curious boatbill birds have eight places on their bodies which at times are luminous. If all these patches on a boatbill were to become luminous at once, it would be a startling sort of a ghost for a boy to meet in the woods on a dark night.

Many years ago a party of explorers on the Island of Trinidad entered a large cave that had hitherto been considered inaccessible. To their astonishment they found it filled with birds which darted about in such numbers that they struck the explorers and rendered their passage not merely disagreeable but dangerous.

The birds proved to be a peculiar kind of night hawks, known in that region as oil-birds, in great demand for the oil they contain. These birds are also light-givers to some ex-

tent, having a little phosphorescent patch on each side of the rump.

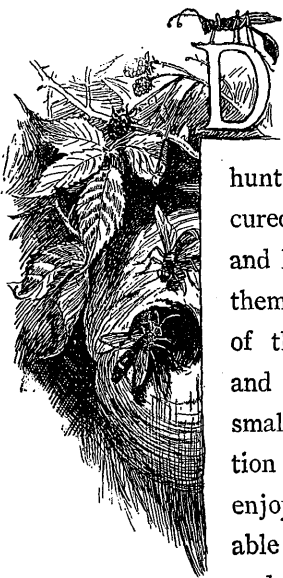
But of all the creatures He has made, God intends His children to be the most luminous. Christ is "The Light of the World," and if we please Him and do the things which He has commanded us we will have illuminated hearts, and our faces will shine with good cheer and hope and kindness, so that everybody who sees us will feel that we make the world brighter.

Moses once spent forty days on Mount Sinai in conversation with God, and when he came down from the mountain his face was so full of light that it dazzled the people and they could not look at him until he put a veil over his face. If we talk with God in prayer and walk with Him in the way of duty, we, too, shall have bright faces.

Jesus says we are to be His lamps in the world. We are to so let our light shine that when people shall see the good deeds we do they will give the glory to God, from whom all our

light comes. Many a boy and girl, even while very small, send out a beautiful light that comforts and cheers the hearts of those that behold it. Have you begun to be a light in the world?

THE STORY OF A HORNET'S NEST.



DURING the September of 1896 four men from Des Moines, Iowa, went to Oregon on a hunting and fishing trip. They secured the services of an old trapper and hunter and engaged him to take them into the most inaccessible part of the Blue Mountains to hunt elk and mule-deer. They camped on small streams emptying into Desolation Lake, and for a number of days enjoyed the finest hunting imaginable and splendid fishing in the lake and the trout streams that run into it.

One morning the party, with their guide, started out to have a final hunt at the head of the lake, as the elk and deer were beginning to move off down to the plains and the weather

up in that high altitude was getting uncomfortably cool at night. One of the men took along his fishing-tackle, and on the way up the lake decided to be put out on a small jam of driftwood which had collected around a huge old snag, the bleached roots of which rose above the water about half a mile from the south shore, and around which he had noticed a great many trout rising as he had passed up and down the lake.

It was just after sunrise when he was landed on the snag, where he proposed to stay till the return of the hunters. When the hunting party returned in the early afternoon they were astonished, as they neared the snag, to find the fisherman in the water up to his chin holding on to a root, while thousands of vicious big black hornets were circling about his head. When the boat approached the snag the inmates were attacked by the hornets and quickly forced to retire, despite the agonizing moans and cries of the poor sufferer.

After considering what was best to do, the party rowed to the nearest shore and secured a

long pole, on the butt end of which a hook was made by cutting off a limb. A lot of dry brush and moss was gathered and fastened to the end of another long pole and the party returned to the snag, taking the precaution to button up their coats, tie handkerchiefs over their faces, and pull their hats well down over their ears. When they neared the snag the brush and moss were set on fire and pushed out ahead on the drift. This drew the attack of the hornets, which rushed into the smoke and flames in swarms, and while this was going on they managed to fasten the hook into the clothing of the unfortunate fisherman, and then pulled the boat away to a safe distance, when he was dragged on board, more dead than alive, and the boat was headed for camp.

As soon as he was able, he explained that he began fishing soon after he was put ashore and caught a number of fine trout; but when the sun was about an hour high, as it grew warm, hornets by thousands issued from a cavity among the roots of the snag and at once

assailed him with great fury. He had slid into the water, but, of course, could not keep his head under, and he had been stung all over his head and face till he was nearly dead and his head swelled to twice the natural size. The stings on the back of the neck, at the base of the skull, seemed to have affected his spinal cord and nerve-centers, and rendered him completely helpless and paralyzed.

As soon as camp was reached the guide went in search of a physician and help, and after great difficulty the unfortunate man was carried out to the railroad and sent home under the care of his friends. But the doctor declared that he would probably remain a helpless paralytic during the remainder of his life, and would not be likely to survive long.

This is a terrible story, and I was not surprised that the Portland *Oregonian* used a half-column of its space to tell about it. But, alas, not only the State of Oregon, but nearly all of the States of the Union, license men to keep houses where worse things than black hornets

are bred. This man did not lose his good name, nor waste his property, nor forfeit the affection of his wife and children by his sad end. But I saw a man yesterday—and there are a hundred thousand of them scattered over the country—whose head was swollen and bloated because he had been stung by strong drink. And he had not only lost his health, but had wasted his money and his good name. He had brought shame and disgrace on his family until they were compelled to live away from him. And the awful thing about it is, that when he falls into a drunkard's grave some bright-eyed boy will be stepping forward to take his place.

Let every young reader make a vow of eternal hatred to that devil's hornet's nest, the liquor saloon.

ABSALOM AND HIS CURLS.



ABSALOM is one of the men about whom we are told a good deal in the Bible, and one who turned out very badly. I have always thought that one thing that was the matter with Absalom was that he did not have a good, long, jolly, wholesome boyhood. We hear about his being born, and the very next thing we hear about him he is strutting about the streets and pretending to be a young man. I wish I could give every baby and every boy and girl a chance to stay a boy or a girl for a good long time, until they really grow out of it.

An old pioneer to California tells how,

when he first moved to that country, there was not a single child within a hundred miles of where he lived, altho there were a great many men engaged there in mining. When the Fourth of July came, and the miners were gathered together celebrating the Fourth with orations and poem and a brass band, suddenly, while the band was playing, an infant's voice was heard crying, and all the miners were startled, and the swarthy men began to think of their homes in the East and of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were filled with homesickness as they heard the little babe cry. But the music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, as if trying to drown out the shrill little voice, when a big miner, the tears rolling down his face, got up and shook his fist at the musicians and said:

“Stop that band, and give the baby a chance!”

Sometimes, when I see silly folks trying to hurry the baby up to look like a big boy or

a big girl, or rushing the boy and girl to the front as a young man or a young woman, I feel like saying, "Stop all this foolishness, and give the baby a chance!"

I don't want you boys and girls to be in a hurry to get over your childhood. The burdens will be heavy enough after a while, and to solve the puzzles of life you will need to use all the strength you can store up out of a long, sweet childhood.

Absalom always seems to me very much like a typical American lad who has outgrown his mother and thinks he is too big for the Sunday-school, and who lounges around the street corner smoking cigarettes with other idlers like himself. He was a king's son, and had a great many foolish friends, I suppose, to spoil him. Many boys whose fathers are well-to-do, and who have good social positions, think they can do almost anything and it will be overlooked because of their fathers. Don't be deceived that way. If it is overlooked it is all the worse for you.

Absalom was one of those soft, mushy sort of boys, and was very proud of his good looks. One of the most serious problems of his daily life was how to have his curls combed so as to produce the most stunning effect. Indeed, every year he made an anniversary for his curls, and had them weighed. Once at least they weighed as much as two hundred shekels. Every foolish fop and dandy and every silly flirt and gossip in all Jerusalem knew exactly how much Absalom's curls weighed. He was one of those sleek and scented young fellows who spend more on combs and perfumes than they do on books. They have a rich, glossy growth on the outside of the skull, but are bald as a window-pane on the inside. Such people are never of any value to the world, and are sure to come to some bad end.

As Absalom got older, not knowing anything good to do, he got into all sorts of evil schemes. He was a petulant, quarrelsome young man, always stirring up strife. Finally he became an open traitor against his father

and sought to kill him. He had a battle with his father's troops, and, being whipped, he was running away from the battle-field on a mule when his beautiful curls caught in the branches of a tree, and the mule—stubborn, as mules always are—went right on and left Absalom dangling there like the silly fool he was, and Joab came and took his life.

His father, poor old David, mourned for him; but he was himself, no doubt, largely at fault. He ought to have made him mind when he was a boy. Love and prize your parents all the more when they show their love for you by refusing to let you go wrong.

RIDING A WILD TURTLE.



IT is always interesting on sunshiny afternoons in spring or early summer to watch the turtles in some little pond or quiet place in the river crawl up to sun themselves on a log or fallen tree that floats on or extends into the water. How lazily they will lie there in the sun unless alarmed, but how quick as a flash they will drop into the water when some one suddenly appears. These small fresh-water turtles are very readily tamed, and make very enjoyable pets.

I once secured a turtle, measuring about six inches across the back, as a present for a

little friend of mine who lived in Boston. I was driving along the road, not far from the Charles River, when I saw the turtle making as good time as he could across a meadow. I don't know why he was there—whether he was out taking a walk for his health or was emigrating from one piece of water to another. But I picked him up and carried him into the city and made a town turtle of him. The little boy to whom I gave him had a great deal of sport with him. He dug a hole and sunk a tub in one corner of the back yard, which he kept full of water as headquarters for the turtle. The turtle stayed in the water most of the time, but made journeys around the yard every day. His young master caught flies for him, and the turtle soon learned his own name and also became acquainted with his master, and would come at once at his call, but would pay no attention to the calls of anybody else.

There are a great many varieties of turtles, some of which are very large; and one species, the green turtle, is an article of commerce.

and is much in demand by epicures on account of its delicious steaks and the famous soups that are made from its flesh. The eggs of some species of turtles are also excellent food, and are a source of revenue to people who hunt for their nests along the sandy beaches of the southern coasts.

The most interesting turtle story I have ever heard is one told by a man who was diving for pearl oysters, but undertook to capture a turtle and did not make a very great success of it. It was his first experience, and came very near being his last. He had been told to approach the turtle quietly from behind, grasp the edges of the shell, lift it quickly to his chest, and give the signal to be pulled up. By so doing he was given to understand that the turtle's head, being pointed upward, could not move in any other direction, and that therefore the journey to the surface would be a short one, as the turtle's flippers would be powerful enough to take him up without any other aid.

Accordingly, when he saw his first turtle

feeding quietly on a patch of sea grass some distance ahead, he made a circuitous path and crept cautiously up behind it. By the size of the barnacles on its back he knew it was an old one, and it looked tremendous, but he put that down to the magnifying power of the face-glass in his diving suit. When he was within a few yards of the game something alarmed it and up shot its head. He ducked immediately behind a sponge growth and crouched there with a beating heart, fearing that his opportunity was gone. In a few moments, however, the big creature resumed eating, and, without waiting for further developments, he made a run and jump and landed fairly on the turtle's back. He stretched out his hands to get under the shell, but before he had a chance to raise the monster he felt his feet being dragged over the bottom, and a moment later he awoke to the fact that instead of capturing the turtle the turtle had captured him and was swimming away with him at astonishing speed.

Away they went, both badly scared, the tur-

tle trying to leave the man behind and the man hanging on with might and main. In vain he tried to point the old fellow's head toward the boat; it had opinions of its own as to which way it wanted to go. He did not dare to jump off, for the bottom was out of sight, and he feared he should fall heavily. He could not signal to the boat to follow him, for he had to hold on with both hands. While in this state of uncertainty he came to the end of his tether—the limit of the life-line. There, with a sudden jerk, he and his wild steed parted company. The turtle continued on its way, and the diver fell headlong down. Luckily he struck on a large sponge growth, and thus broke his fall, but he was a good deal shaken up, and was hauled up looking very seedy and feeling sure that it would be a long time before he rode another wild turtle bareback.

I do not think I should like to ride a wild turtle, but after all it would be a safer steed than an ungoverned temper or a wicked habit.

THE YAKAMIK—THE SHEPHERD BIRD OF VENEZUELA.



HERE was so much talk about Venezuela, our young sister republic in South America, some time ago, on account of fears of war with England about her, that we read anything connected with that far-off neighbor with a great deal of attention.

I have been very much interested in a description given in *The Popular Science News* of a remarkable bird which is of great value to the natives of Venezuela and the adjoining countries on the north side of the river Amazon. It is a species of crane called the yakamik, which serves them in the place of shepherd dogs in the care of their sheep and poultry. These

birds are found in a wild state in the great forests that lie north of the Amazon River. The birds never leave the forests unless shot or captured. They travel about in flocks of from one hundred to two hundred, in search of the berries, fruits, and insects upon which they subsist. Their usual gait is a slow and stately march, but they enliven themselves from time to time by leaping up into the air, going through fancy waltzes, and striking the most absurd attitudes. If pursued, they try to save themselves by running, for their flight is so weak that they can not keep themselves off the ground but for a short distance. When alarmed they utter the peculiar cry which has given them their peculiar name yakamik, which means trumpeter.

The yakamiks usually deposit their eggs in a hollow in the ground at the foot of a tree. A nest generally contains ten eggs, of a pale-green color. The young birds follow their mothers as soon as they are hatched, but do not lose their pretty downy covering until several weeks

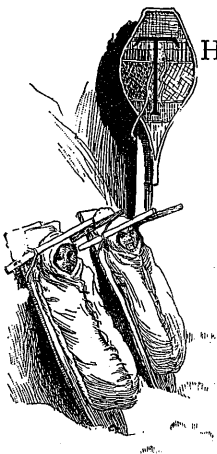
old. The yakamiks are very readily tamed, and prove valuable servants to the Indians, as they are brave and will protect animals put into their care at every risk to themselves. They can be trusted with the care of a flock of sheep, and every morning will drive the ducks and poultry to their feeding-places, and, carefully collecting any stragglers, bring them safely home at night. A yakamik soon learns to know and obey the voice of its master, follows him, when allowed to do so, wherever he goes, and appears delighted at receiving his caresses. It pines at his absence and welcomes his return, and is extremely jealous of any rival. Should any dog or cat approach, it flies at it with the utmost fury, and, attacking it with wings and beak, drives it away.

It presents itself regularly during meals, from which it chases all domestic animals, and even the negroes who wait on the table; if it is not well acquainted with them, and only asks for a share of the food after it has driven away all who might aspire to a favorable notice from

the family. It appreciates favors in the same proportion as it is jealous of sharing them with others, and when specially petted or caressed it seems to almost burst with joy and delight. When the animals of which it has charge are shut up for the night, the yakamik roosts upon some shed or tree near at hand, to be ready to take its place as keeper as soon as they are let out in the morning. One quality that makes it valuable is its sense of location, which is perfect; however far away it may wander with the flocks or herds it guards, it never fails to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures that have been put in its care.

I love to read and think about shepherd dogs and birds, for they remind me of Him who is the Good Shepherd, who gave His life for us. But He is risen from the dead, and if we ask Him He will lead us daily into green pastures, will defend us from all enemies, and bring us safely home at last. He is specially kind and careful of the lambs of the flock, and if they are wounded or weary, will carry them in His arms.

A PAIR OF ALASKA TWINS.



THE most interesting pair of twins in all Greater New York are from Alaska, and have traveled a good many thousand miles for little tots of their age. They are little brown folks, much the same color as the seals that the fishermen go up to Bering Sea to find. They were born six years ago away up in northern Alaska, in a miserable little Eskimo hut, and have already so come up in the world that they have been received by Mrs. Cleveland in the Blue Room at the White House in Washington. The name of one is Zarsriner, and the other Artmarhoke—rather heavy names for two such pretty little children. The story of these little wanderers is very entertaining.

One day, after an unusually long spell of severe winter weather—a winter in which the poor in Alaska had suffered greatly from cold, want, and hunger—an Indian woman, with an infant wrapped up in the usual fashion strapped to her back, entered the camp of Miner W. Bruce, at Port Chester, Alaska, where, in 1892, Mr. Bruce had established the government reindeer station. At this place reindeer are brought across from Siberia by the government agents in order to grow large herds of them so that the Indians shall have something to live on.

When the poor Alaska fisherwoman entered the room in which Mr. Bruce was she placed her baby on the floor. She was almost at the point of starvation, having been several days without food. The first thing done for her was to give her all the good, wholesome, hot food that she could eat. Then came her story in the Eskimo language, which Mr. Bruce understood. This baby Zarsriner, in the Eskimo language meaning “one of two,” was a twin.

and there were also other children at home, if that little hole dug in the snow and ice, in which they lived, could be called a home. This mother told Mr. Bruce that she, perhaps, might support one of the babies, but that if she had to keep them both neither of them could live through the winter.

The result of the talk between the young Boston scientist and the poor Eskimo mother was that he consented to relieve her of a portion of her load of care. He offered to take this little Eskimo baby, have it educated, and when she was old enough send her back to Alaska to be a missionary to her people. At the last it was very hard for the woman to go away and leave the baby, but the promise that it should have just as much and just as good things to eat as Mr. Bruce himself had its weight, and the mother, looking lovingly at her baby, but not kissing it, for Mr. Bruce says the Eskimos do not kiss their children, went off to her miserable home, and left little Zarsriner with her new guardian.

Mr. Bruce soon came to be very much attached to the little girl. He took her with him everywhere he went and her name, "one of two," was a constant reminder to him that there was another one left behind. The more he thought about it the more he wished he had the other sister, and so about a year and a half later he went back to Alaska and persuaded the mother to give him little Artmarhoke, the other one of the twins.

It is surely very nice for these little seal-brown sisters to be brought up together. They are just as happy as little kittens, for Mr. Bruce and all the learned and elegant people to whom he introduces them are very kind and good to them. They speak two languages very well. Mr. Bruce always talks to them in Eskimo so they will not forget their mother tongue.

These funny little twins have very black hair which reaches down a little below their shoulders and is worn banged across their foreheads. Their eyes are brown-black and almond-shaped like those of Chinese children.

Their teeth are so white and even that they look as tho a dentist had made them to order. They are very quiet and good girls, and quick to learn anything they are taught.

I am sure all the boys and girls who read this, in their happy Christian homes, will pray to God that these little twin girls from Alaska may grow up to be good and noble women, and be the bearers of much comfort and light to the boys and girls of far-away Alaska, where they were born.

FISHING UNDER WATER.



Of course we usually fish under water; that is, we drop the hook under water while we stay outside and endeavor to bring the fish out to keep us company. I think most boys and girls, and especially those who live in the country or in small towns where they have frequent opportunities for outings, enjoy fishing as much as any other sport.

When I was a boy I knew all the fishing holes within five miles, either way, from my home, and used to test them every time I had a chance. But I was reading not long ago in an English magazine a very interesting account given by a man who made his living diving for pearls in

Australian waters, of his experience in fishing at the bottom of the sea. This man and his crew of helpers depended almost entirely on fish to furnish their daily supply of food, and so while he was down on the bottom of the sea, walking about in his diving-suit, searching for pearl shells, he never lost a chance to bag anything that was especially good in the way of fish. Sometimes he made regular fishing excursions. He would have his boat anchored and then would descend to the bottom of the sea, leaving a man or boy on deck, not only to look after his air-pipe, but to pull up the fish when caught. When he had reached the bottom he would conceal himself behind a big rock or in a thicket of seaweed, and baiting his hook he would tie the line to a little piece of wood and let it float a few feet above his head. That seems odd, doesn't it, for a man to be fishing over his head? If a shark or some other dangerous fish hove in sight, he would haul down his colors quickly and hide; but if it were a rock cod, a snapper, or any other

fine fish which abound in those waters, he would hold on to the line with both hands. As soon as the fish had the hook fairly in its mouth he would hook it with a sharp pull, and at a signal to the boy above the big fellow would go struggling up to the deck.

Sometimes the fish would turn the tables and try to fish for him, and then it was not so pleasant. Altho sharks have never been known to attack a man in diving-dress, yet they have great curiosity, and when one is fifty feet under water he can not well help being frightened to have one of those ugly monsters, with his murderous-looking mouth, sniffing about him. This feeling is increased by the fact that when looking through the face-glass in the diver's suit the fish appears nearly double its size. This fisherman said that his first thought always upon seeing a shark was to be pulled up or to take to his heels; but as fish are sufficiently like human beings to want a thing as soon as they see it being taken away, it was safer to keep perfectly still. In fear that his

bare hands might attract the man-eating propensity that sharks are supposed to have, he invariably tucked them under his breast weight, and when the fish had disappeared, gave the signal to ascend, kicking violently all the way up.

If the fisherman remains perfectly quiet at the bottom of the sea he is quickly surrounded by an admiring crowd of fish, opening their eyes and mouths like boys and girls do when Barnum's circus makes its annual parade through town. The little fish are very bold and will nibble at his fingers, but if he throws up his arms they will vanish with a great flourish of tails.

There are a great many drawbacks to that kind of fishing under water. The fisherman has to be very careful not to tear his diving-suit on the rocks or get his life-line or air-pipe line caught somewhere, and thus be unable to get back to the surface of the water. I think on the whole there would be more pleasure fishing from above, the water under one's feet, instead

of over one's head. Down under the old mill-dam, or in the pool at the foot of the big birch-tree, or from the body of the old fir as it was thrown across the brook by the wind-storm last autumn, or a dozen other places that almost any boy who reads this will remember, would suit better.

A number of the special friends of Jesus, when He was here on earth, were fishermen. He made His acquaintance with some of His disciples while they were mending their fishing-nets. Sometimes He borrowed their fishing-boats to preach in; and once after the sermon was over He went with them on a little fishing trip, and they had the best luck they had ever had that time when Jesus was in the boat. You and I would always be happy if we took Him with us everywhere.

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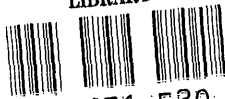
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